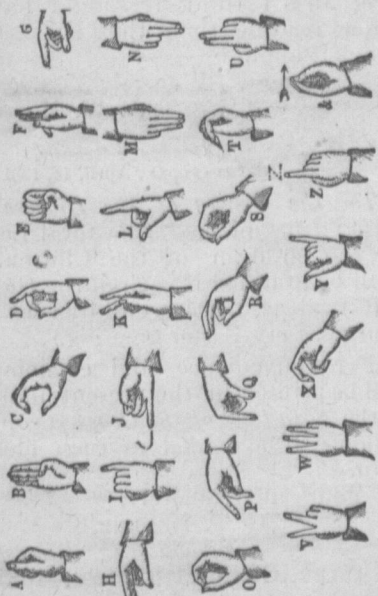


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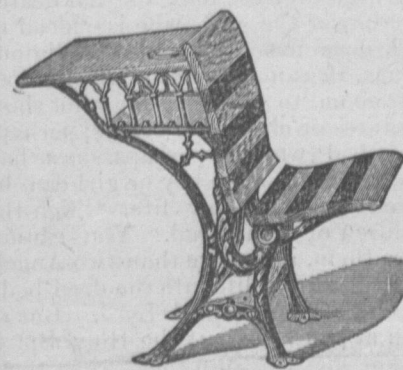
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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1881.

NUMBER 16.

## POETRY.

### BLACK YER BOOTS.

Black yer boots, sir? shine 'em up?  
Do it for half a dime,  
Just you lean agin' that wall  
An' I'll fix 'em, less'n no time.

No, I aint so werry old—  
Somewhere near about ten,  
Where do I live? Why, anywhere—  
Sleep? just where I lien.

Father livin'? Guess he is,  
Mother? No, she's gone,  
Never seen her—no I wose  
She died 'fore I was born.

Friends? Why, what d'ye take me for?  
Friends is what yer said?  
Only rich folks has such things;  
I've no friends, 'cep' Ted.

Ted? Why, that's him, over there,  
A-leanin' his crutch;  
That feller with his leg took off—  
He isn't good for much.

Afore the doctors went for him,  
He used to black boots too—  
There wasn't a feller in this yer town,  
Could beat him, I tell you.

An' him an' me was allers chums,  
'Cause I was small, you see,  
But Ted was big, an' used to keep  
The boys from lickin' me.

But when his leg got smashed up,  
He couldn't work, in course,  
An' so things sorter changed around,  
An' I became the boss.

So now he only snip'intends,  
And kinder takes his ease;  
I does the work, he takes the stamps—  
The other foot, sir, please.

Yes, some times biz is putty slack  
An' things get sorter blue,  
It's awful hard when stamps is skerse,  
To pick up grub for two.

But Ted—he never minds such things,  
He says we needn't care,  
How rough it is down here below  
If we only get up there!

Why, stranger, y'oughter hear him talk,  
'Bout things up in the sky,  
Where heaven and the angels is,  
An' good folks never die.

I wonder if the Mission chaps  
Is tellin' him what's true,  
I hope they aint a foolin' him,  
He'd feel most awful blue,

If he found it only was a jibe—  
About this drivin' business,  
An' goin' up to Kingdom-come,  
Where they say mother is.

I'd like to know just what is so;  
'Cause mister, don't yer see,  
If all these things is really true,  
Why, what 'ud come of me.

If Ted should kick the bucket fast,  
An' double up some day,  
I couldn't find him when he died,  
'Cause how'd I know the way?

An' what d'ye think I'd do up there,  
Agoin' it alone,  
While Ted was off with high-toned chaps,  
A-singin' round the throne?

No, sir, 'twouldn't be no fun—  
And I wouldn't give a red  
If I couldn't go where heaven is,  
Along with dear old Ted.

There y'are, sir, neat an' trim,  
Come again some day,  
How much? O, giva the stamps to Ted,  
He allers takes the pay.

W. BEARDSLEY.

## STORE TELLER.

### MY WEDDING TOUR.

I was only seventeen when Charlie married me, and I wrote myself for the first time Mrs. Charles Vail, Jr., and saw the initials of the same emblazoned on the end of a new Saratoga trunk, when we started on our wedding tour. My wedding tour! I can speak of it calmly now, but the time was when it harrowed up my inmost soul. To this day, Charlie becomes wroth when it is mentioned, and says it is my "blamed imagination"; but he knows, and I know well, that it is only one of those convenient little loopholes through which big masculinity can crawl on emergency; and the facts remaining unchanged and indisputable, I shall defy Charlie and state them to the world.

Imagine then, reader or listener, whoever you may be, that the last Silken train has swept itself out of Trinity chapel, and the last note of the inevitable "Wedding March" shuddered itself out of the big groaning organ, and that Charlie and I are married. Also, that the kissing and crying over is achieved, and the voices of my husband's sisters and my maiden aunts, hailing down blessings on our heads, are happily lost in distance—that the only sound we hear is the rattle and roar of an express train thundering eastward, and I am looking out into the golden noonday, watching the fields and roads and villages and woodlands race past us, and sweep back into a stream like running water. There we sat, two blissful young people—but it isn't of our bliss or our foolishness either, that I am going to tell you—only of the singular adventure of our wedding tour.

Charlie hadn't told me where we were to go, and I rather liked being left in ignorance, knowing no more than that we were being swept away to some little paradise of our own—it might be to an island of the Hesperides, or Crusoe's kingdom, or Eden itself. We stopped at a good many stations by the way, that looked anything but paradisaical; but I saw everything through a glass, rosily, as

I sat there demure and mute, by Charlie's side. The shadows were growing short, and it was just noon when we stopped at some "village" or other, whose long, low, straggling buildings, crowding close upon the track, and the broad, dusty village street, branching off at right angles, are photographed upon my memory. Not for anything intrinsically remarkable; there were only a good many teams and farm-wagons, and open carriages, and light carriages standing about, with the lazy horses rubbing their noses against old worm-eaten posts, under the row of dropping green trees, and plenty of people on the platform, crowding together for greetings and good-byes; it was a commonplace, everyday picture enough, and not even a pretty one, except in fragments. There was a general exodus from the car, and a rush dinnerward, as we supposed, toward the swinging sign of some "House" or other down the lazy little country street; and Charlie, looking at his watch, said it was twelve o'clock—and didn't I want some lunch?

Of course I didn't, but of course he said I must have it, and immediately started up. He wouldn't be five minutes, he said, and I mustn't move till he came back. I was to guard our two seats, and let no one come nigh them, and, above all, I was to sit still, and not be led astray by any possible warnings to change cars. "We're going through," Charlie remarked, "so just keep the seats, and don't pay any attention." I nodded obedience, and Mr. Vail marched out of the car, leaving me to peer after him in the crowd and catch the last glimpse of his straw hat vanishing down the street.

I watched the crowd, when Charlie was out of sight, and mused and wondered over the faces, and built up all sorts of dreamy speculations upon them, as one does in a crowd when they have nothing better to think of. Presently the door banged open, and the voice of some unseen functionary shouted, "Change cars for Bos—ton!"

Everybody began to scramble for their bags and bundles and came together, and there was a rush among the few who remained my fellow-passengers. I watched them go without emotion, and merely settled myself more comfortably for the solitary journey through which Charlie had indicated—wondering a little where its terminus might be, but in no wise disturbed or anxious thereat. I stared out at the people for five minutes longer—at least so said the fat-faced clock in the "ladies' room" opposite my window, though I made it fifty at least by mental calculation—and then the door swung open again. This time a head projected itself into the car, roared "All out!"—evidently at me—and vanished again. "I won't get out," I replied, defying the empty air. "Charlie, told me to sit still, and I'm going to. Oh, Charlie! why in the world don't you come back!"

But no Charlie came to answer me, and I began to stare out in the crowd with rather more anxious eyes, and to grow a little hot and uneasy, and to think, with certain unpleasant thrills running down my back, what would become of me if the train should start and Charlie shouldn't come back at all! At this awful point in my meditations the locomotive gave vent to an unearthly screech, which I took for a premonitory symptom of departure, and I was so terrified that I started up from my seat just as the little door swung back for the third time, to admit of a last warning, like that of Friar Bacon's brazen head. This time the face reappeared on a big shaggy suit of clothes some six feet high, and was a grim, not to say irate, visage.

"Change cars, Miss!" said the person gruffly. "I told you so twice before!"

"I'm to sit still," I replied meekly. "I'm going through." I thought this was the right thing to say, because Charlie had said it; but it didn't have the right effect.

"Change cars then—there's a Boston train over there. This car runs back to New York."

I simply stared at the person, in a dogged way that he seemed to take very ill.

"Come!" he exclaimed, waxing impatient. "You can't sit here all day, you know. Where do you want to go?"

"I—I—don't know," I stammered. "I was told to sit still, and I—I must wait till the person comes back."

"The man stared back at me now with interest. 'Where's your ticket?' said he, extending a dirty hand."

"I haven't got it," I answered in a meek and conciliating tone. "My—Char—at least, the gentleman who is with me has got them both."

"The gentleman! Pretty fellow he must be!" Told you to sit still, didn't he?"

I made no reply to this unwarrantable lack of respect in referring to my absent lord, but drew myself up and

looked severely out of the window. "Well, you can't go back to New York," observed my tormentor, summarily. "The best thing for you to do is to get out and look for your gentleman, miss." Saying which, he jerked my bag down from the rack, turned the opposite seat, which Charlie had inverted, back into its place and, by a species of moral suasion, caused me to pick up my shawls, parasols, etc., and follow him in abject submission to the door.

"Now where does the gentleman go?" he demanded, as he handed me out on the platform.

"He went in to get me some lunch," I replied, almost ready, at this crisis, to disgrace my bridehood and cry.

"And told you to sit still, didn't he? Well you stand right here and keep a lookout for him. There's the Boston train over there, goes in fifteen minutes, and he can't get into it without you seeing him, if he ain't inside already; and my advice is, stick fast to him if you find him, for he must need looking after!"

With which remarkable words the man set down my bag, and winked at a bystander.

"What's the row?" inquired the person thus invited to participate in the enjoyment of my woes. Then they whispered—about me, I suppose—and everybody stood and stared at me.

Poor little bride! There I stood, holding fast my parasol, with a shawl on one arm, my own small satchel on the other, and Charlie's bigger one at my feet, feeling like a very "lone lorn critter" indeed. There stood three men in a knot, contemplating me, and any quantity of the same species coming and going, who all looked at me as they passed, and then turned round and stared again—and there was no Charlie visible in all the range of surrounding country. Dire thoughts began to be born within me, and to turn me cold and damp with extreme terror; the nightmare of my infancy—"being lost"—came back upon me, and crushed my seventeen years and the new dignity of Mrs. Charles Vail, Jr., with a fell swoop.

What was to become of me? Supposing there had been an accident, and Charlie knocked down and awfully mangled, or that he had just vanished away, as one occasionally hears of respectable gentlemen having done, and never would appear again, or be heard of at all; supposing I were just to stand there waiting, the trains shrieking away in the distance, and night coming on, and all these strange men staring and whispering? Strange soon I should begin to cry, for I couldn't stand it much longer; and here I began to feel for my pocket-handkerchief, and that reminded me of my pocketbook as a slight resource. I dived to the utmost corner of my pocket before I remembered that I had confided it to Charlie, with wifely duty, at the very outset of our wedding trip.

At this alarming discovery, a cold moisture broke out upon my entire frame. A night passed under the lee of the depot, crouched among my little possessions, now loomed before me—unless I could deposit the same possessions or pawn my diamond ring and my gold bracelets for a night's lodging and a ticket back to New York. I suppose the horror depicted on my countenance was a sufficient challenge for inquiry. I don't know what an extreme it must have reached, but somebody appeared to find it moving, for a benevolent voice presently saluted my ears:

"Are you waiting for anybody, miss?"

I turned around with a gasp of alarm, which subsided a little, however, when I met an old man, spectacled, and benign in the extreme.

"Excuse me, miss," said the old gentleman, in a sympathizing tone, "are you waiting for any one?"

"I—I—yes, sir—I'm waiting for—"

I came to dead stop. For Charlie, should I say? "My husband" was a step beyond utterance just now. I only turned scarlet, choked, and twisted the handle of my bag in silence.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I—don't know—where to go!" I burst out quite involuntarily.

"They told me to change cars, and I didn't expect to, and I don't know what to do."

My new friend looked bewildered, and came a step nearer, as he inquired, in a solemnly lowered voice:

"Are you alone?"

"No, no," I said very quickly under my breath.

"Who is with you?" said he, with a kind of confidential compassion that a little confused me. I didn't understand it.

"My—a—gentleman," I faltered out. "He went out to get me something, and he told me to sit still and not move; and a man came and made me change cars—and I don't

know what cars we were to take—and—and—I—I don't see him anywhere."

Here I choked and fell to biting my lips and winking my two eyes hard, to wink the tears down.

"A gentleman!" repeated my friend, suddenly. By this time two more men had drawn near to listen. "Your father?"

"No."

"Brother, then?" very mysteriously. "No."

I began to get very red and uncomfortable, and to wish that they wouldn't stare so.

"Where are you going, my dear?" asked the first Samaritan, after a solemn pause of some minutes.

"I don't know," I answered faintly. "He didn't tell me; he just said, when he went to get me some lunch, that I wasn't to move if the man said to change cars, for we were going through; and I told the man so, but he made me change."

"That train's a-going back to New York," said one of the last arrivals, grinning. "Going through to Boston, was you?"

"I don't know where I was going," I answered, very shortly.

"Let me see your ticket, said the old gentleman, feelingly.

He had a compassionate way of looking at me over his spectacles; and he looked queerer still when I answered faintly—"He's got it—and—my money—and—oh, why don't he come!"

Here I cast loose all ceremony, and burst into tears.

"Oh, don't cry now," said the old gentleman, soothingly. "Don't know! I'll be all right—you'll be taken care of. Where did he go?—which way?"

"I don't know," I sobbed from behind my handkerchief.

"Want to get some lunch, did he say? Well, now, can't you tell me what sort of a looking person he was, and perhaps we can find him? Was he young or old?"

"Young," I muttered, still behind a barrier of cambric. W-with a yellow mustache, and g-gray clothes, and a straw hat.

"Pretty bad business!" one of the men muttered aside to another. "Sharp fellow!" responded a second.

And then there was some antipathy of "What's the matter?" "It's a shame!" "Left her, did he?" from a small crowd that had by this time started up around me.

"Well, now, just come in here and sit down," said my old gentleman, paternally gathering up my bag; "and compose yourself, my dear, and we'll see what can be done. Don't cry, it'll only flurry you, and won't do any good, you know. There, that's right!" For I wiped my eyes with the remnant of a sob, pulled my veil down, and was turning to follow him, when, behold! as I swept the landscape over with one last look of description, there appeared Charlie—gray clothes, and straw hat, and yellow mustache, and all, coming from the dim distance, with a brown paper parcel under each arm.

"There he is!" I shrieked, dropping bag and parasol in my ecstasy, and rushing down the platform with extended arms. "There he is! Oh, call him, somebody—tell him I'm here! Make him look this way!"

"Where? which? where is he?" cried half a dozen men quite excitedly.

"Him in the straw hat, with the bundles? Halloa, sir! Halloa! Stop him!" and three small boys and one man started in pursuit.

Poor Charlie! There he came, hurrying along in our direction, rather swiftly it is true, when my four companions gave chase. And just as they uplifted their voices, and just as Charlie's eyes, sweeping the surrounding scene appeared to light upon them—just then did the locomotive behind which we had been sitting fifteen minutes before, and which had been backing and snoring, and advancing and backing again, after the manner of trains, choose its time to set up a shriek and a violent ringing of the bell, and to go puffing off on its way back to New York. And Charlie first stared wild, and then turned and chased the locomotive; and the three small boys and the man chased him, rending the air with shouts of "Stop him!"

But Charlie couldn't keep up with the train very long, and the impotency of his efforts seemed to break upon him suddenly, after he had run himself very hot and damp, and shed all the hot humors from his brown paper parcel for twenty yards along the track. He turned and faced his pursuers like a man at bay, and figuratively speaking, they all fell upon him.

"Stop there! where are you going? Come back after your lady, you scamp! Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" shouted the small boy, in ecstasy. "Want to run away, did you? Didn't do it that time, old fellow!"

"What the deuce do you want?" said Charlie, fiercely. "Where's Sarah? Where's my wife?"

"There she is!" roared a dozen

voices, with appropriate action of as many unwashed hands. "Ain't got rid of her so easy yet!"

I will draw a decorous veil over the embrace that followed and the compliments exchanged by the populace who evinced the wildest joy at what was supposed to be the discomfiture of villainy. I will merely observe that the whistle of the Boston train cut short our little scene, and that I was hauled up on the last car amid the cheers of the bystanders, greatly multiplied since Charlie's appearance on the scene, and speeded on my way by a parting roar from one benevolent personage to "keep a tight eye on my young man, for he wasn't to be trusted as far as you could see him!" Also that Charlie shed bank-notes as well as buns in the excitement of the chase and that my point d'Alencón parasol with an agate handle, the wedding gift of my beloved Arabella, is probably marching round Blankville at this very hour, poised in the Lisle-thread hand of some village belle.

## A LITTLE FARCE.

[From the Ladies' Home Journal.]

It is, perhaps, not unpleasant for the public to have something new in the matter of a "bit of a tale" now and then; and the fact that such a "bit" may be true is not of less interest to those who may take the trouble to read it; therefore I beg the indulgence of the readers of the following for the many shortcomings, etc., which I am likely to be guilty of in narrating—being not blessed with the genius of a Dickens wherewith to vividly illustrate queer characters, nor any other characters, either.

Ahem! In the U. S. of America, there is abundantly scattered here, there, and everywhere, a class of people called deaf-mutes. This class is separated from hearing people in the matter of education, having erected in each State an institution for its especial benefit. It is becoming quite a race of people, and is beginning to put on some airs, and to consider itself vastly important. Imitation is one of the leading traits of its character, and self-esteem is not far in the back-ground with a majority of its gay and festive tribe. The writer wishes it to be understood that no disparagement is meant to the class, the aforesaid individual being one of the same. Truth will be maintained; but in dealing with absurdities and comicities some fun is not amiss.

There is one college in the U. S. for deaf-mute boys, from all parts of the country. We cannot say what is taught there; but "presume" it may be what will fit them for business in after life. We have heard of students who left this college and took up the occupations of carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, and so forth; but we don't suppose they went to college to learn those trades. There is no National College for deaf-mute girls. Do I hear anybody sigh? It must have been my imagination. Blandina, an elderly maiden lady, who has a plentiful crop of self-esteem, is a semi-mute, and is a pretty good scholar; but too much self-esteem will spoil anybody who receives much praise from unthinking friends.

Blandina couldn't live without doing something in her little world. She loves to write, is always worrying about the welfare of her "silent sisters," and when she has started a nice little breeze to set the deaf-mute papers and people agog, she blandly retires and watches the rumpus from afar, and says little or nothing until it is all over, then with characteristic tenacity she steps in and renews the subject, after it is worn as bare as a baldheaded eagle's pate, and there you have it!

Well, this gay old lady recently arrived at the startling conclusion that the silent sisters were in woeful need of a great big college wherein to fit themselves for things and the world. The silent sisters didn't seem to rise up in a body and bless her. On the whole, the energetic Blandina found herself wrestling with a lot of "Lower-Preps" of the boys' college, because she didn't seem to treat them quite kind enough. In the fullness of her understanding she thought the students were the responsible parties for the erection of a gymnasium whereon to strengthen their manly limbs. She sailed in on them and "yelled" in large words and column on column of newspaper that they oughtn't to have a "Gym."

"Take the money, young men, do you hear me? take the money and build your poor, wandering, ignorant, uncivilized, heathen, silent sisters a nice big college wherein they can become useful members of society. A college education is very essential, and a 'Gym' is an instrument of death and devastation. Everybody who uses the 'Gym' is sure to weaken his muscles, and make himself bald-headed before he is thirty. You ought to have the girls' college. 'I will be of far more use to you. Take my word for it.' The young men set up a perfect howl of

dissent. "No such thing, Blandina, you don't know anything about it. Marcus Aurelius used to be an emperor of Rome. He was a nice old Stoic, and he had a place to swing around in. He didn't die under forty-five and was a good deal older, and he wasn't bald-headed, and don't you forget it, Blandina."

So spoke Jamblichus, Alpius, Porphyry, Plotinus, and others. Then Blandina said it would be better to have the girls go into the same college with those howling savages, the students, and endeavor to tame and subdue them. She thought it would have a "refining" effect on them, and so forth. More "sass" from the indignant "Freshies."

Finally, in despair, and foreseeing ruin before the poor girls if she did not do something to save them, Blandina broke out afresh with a "Proposition." The proposition was that each "silent sister" should pledge the sum of five dollars, or even fifty cents, and when enough of the necessary needful was collected, the girls would go and build a nice college of their own without any thanks to the boys! Blandina put \$5.00 out at interest herself, so she affirmed, as soon as she got it. Maybe she hasn't got it yet. Well, the boys rushed in pell-mell and dumped buckets of ice-cold water on her project. A few sweetly fresh and unsophisticated youths came in with pledges of the sum asked, and a few for want of sufficient independence and with fear of being deemed "mean," also pledged. One sweet innocent, who put "Judge" in front of his *nom-de-plume*, had to haul down old Queen Elizabeth, as an example for his "silent sisters," and wrote about the poor, misguided old lady as if he were present at the funeral, and maybe he was. He also maintained that a girl, if only commonly educated, could not bake worth a cent by reading recipes; but must go to college first. Some other fresh young innocent said: "I wasn't of any use to build a college, 'cause girls wouldn't stay throughout the three or four years necessary. They would be gobbled up by matrimonial sharks, and made hash of in fact," and after quoting a bit of poetry, he retired with a modest blush, signing himself "Young Bachelor." From certain rather personal remarks, he was so innocently uneducated as to make us think he would be likely to remain a "Young Bachelor" until he learned to treat his female friends (and strangers too) with becoming courtesy and deference. Thus the "sass" went back and forth. Finally Blandina wound up with a "grand finale" on the subject; and now it has drifted from its original standpoint into an animated dispute between several of the college boys and outsiders, as to whether the aforesaid boys ain't conceited or arn't they, or "don't you think so?" or "you bet they are," and the boys say it's *not so*, and one of them hauls up George Washington to settle the argument in favor of the boys, being as meek as Moses, and it is a wonder that Geo. W. didn't walk right up to the crowd, and ask-what in the mischief they're driving at, and tell them to go home and plant a few cherry trees, and always tell the truth, no matter what comes of it. Amen!

LYREBOUT OPTUNE.

## Empire State News.

DEAR JOURNAL!—Simeon T. Garlock has done fixing his double family house. It is much improved in appearance.

Some time ago, a deaf and dumb man peddled chromos in Fort Plain. He was a muscular man, about 31 years old, and about five feet and seven inches in height. One afternoon, the writer saw him walking down Canal street, and took him for a wealthy Russian Grand Duke. He remained there three or four days, when he returned home. He was graduated from one of the best Institutions for the deaf and dumb, in the year 1870-71. He is said to be a "Jack of all trades."

James O. Smith, a deaf-mute, died about twelve years ago, and was buried in Mount Hope Cemetery at Fordsburg, N. Y., about five miles southwest of St. Johnsville. There is no stone to mark the spot where he lies buried.

He graduated from the New York Institution and then became a tailor. He went from house to house in the practice of his occupation, until he died. One day, he was visiting a friend, when he was taken sick with apoplexy. Afterwards, he got consumption, which resulted in his death. His property was valued at \$2,000, if I mistake not, and left to his only brother—Joseph Smith. Joseph lives in Ilion, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

Two or three weeks ago, the writer made a call on S. T. Garlock, and was sorry to find that Mrs. Nelson Cook had left his house an hour or two before he went. She went to Rural Grove to visit Mrs. Hiram Dopp, nee Goodman. She is a graduate of the Canajoharie Institution. She is a nice old lady, and has several children, all of whom are full grown. Her husband died many years ago.

Levi Snell, living about two miles south of St. Johnsville, N. Y., is a semi-mute, and lost his hearing about twenty years ago from paralysis or palsy.

N. D. Wendel, State Treasurer of New York, when a boy was employed in the office of Levi Backus, the founder of the first deaf-mute newspaper in America. SINBAD, Fort Plain, April 13, 1881.



E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The JOURNAL is becoming so popular and its correspondents so numerous, that we are obliged to leave over two or three columns of interesting matter nearly every week. This week an entire page has been left out. We publish, weekly, over twenty-five columns of reading matter, not counting the two and one-half columns of advertisements. Our object is to publish a paper for deaf-mutes which will be of interest to them. We do not wish to devote space to advertising patent medicines, etc., otherwise we could fill a page with such matter. In doing this we lose money in one way which we gain another. A column of advertisements might bring us \$50 per year, but the same amount of space devoted to deaf-mutes news will bring us more than \$150 from additional subscriptions. We have large a force of compositors and steam presses, and every other facility for producing a good paper both quickly and cheaply. A great many communications are received each week with no name attached. Many of them are in every way suitable for publication, but we cannot print them because we do not know from whom they come. The sender's real name and address must be known in every case, otherwise no notice will be taken of them. We request all our friends to send in any deaf-mute news that may come under their notice. Make your communications as brief as possible. Do not be afraid that your language is not good enough; if there are any mistakes, we will correct them. Get your friends interested in the JOURNAL, and in a year or two with your kind cooperation, we doubt not but our subscription list will number over 5,000 names.

Always bear this in mind:—The DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL is the largest, the cheapest, the best, and has the most numerous and most intelligent staff of correspondents, the widest and largest circulation, contains the most news, and is the greatest newspaper, published for deaf-mutes, in all the world.

We have received a well-executed lithographic picture of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, at Hartford, Conn., which has been executed at the Philadelphia Institution, by the pupils under the direction of their teacher, Mr. H. P. Arms, Jr. It measures 22x28 inches, and embraces, besides a large view of the Institution building, portraits of the six Principals of the Institution since it was founded—Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, Lewis Weld, Rev. W. W. Turner, Rev. Collins Stone, Edward C. Stone, and the present incumbent, Job Williams. There are also individual pictures of the Gallaudet and Clerc Monuments, and interior views of the chapel, the office and library, one of the classrooms, the boys' study room, and the girls' study room, as well as pictures of the gymnasium building and the shop buildings, with an interior view of the cabinet shop.

The whole is got up in first-class style, everything being true to its original, and is instantly recognizable to those who have visited the Asylum.

The First Biennial Report of the Minnesota Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, is on our table. The report of the Superintendent, Mr. J. L. Noyes, gives "a brief outline of the work done, the persons employed and the manner in which the work has been carried forward." The whole number of pupils connected with the Institution during the two years which the report embraces, is 175—140 deaf-mutes, and 35 blind. There have been two deaths of pu-

pils—one at home during the vacation, and one while at school. A table giving the causes of deafness of the pupils admitted during 1879 and 1880, shows that the greater number became deaf from cerebro-spinal meningitis, or spotted fever. Out of 49 who were admitted, there are only 8 cases of congenital deafness. In the deaf-mute department there are six teachers for 103 pupils—the average attendance—which gives 18 pupils to a class. Mr. Noyes considers this too large a number to be taught by one teacher, and says that the maximum number should be 15.

Visible speech is receiving its full share of attention. A special teacher has been appointed, who teaches 33 pupils—a little less than one-third of the number at school. Many are semi-mutes, and only in a few cases of congenital deaf-mutes has there been any evidence of successful ability to learn articulate speech. Altogether, the results have been encouraging.

A regular course of study for each of the eight years is catalogued in the report.

The industrial department has proved quite successful, although, from a pecuniary standpoint, the shops have been behind. The Superintendent very properly says that the shops are not intended to make money, but to teach a trade.

A report of the department for the blind is given by Mr. J. J. Dow, the Principal.

The whole tenor of the report demonstrates that the Minnesota Institution is doing a good and successful work, and that its affairs are well administered.

## NOTICE.

Deaf-Mutes desiring to be reconfirmed, will please call on Rev. Dr. Gallaudet at the Rectory of St. Ann's Church, No. 9 West 18th St., on Sunday afternoons at 2 o'clock. Confirmation will be administered in St. Ann's Church on Sunday, May 8th.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

William A. Jackson is sporting a charming moustache, the girls say.

A correspondent would like to know the whereabouts of Mr. C. G. Wright.

Geo. W. Manette has accepted a position on the *Mendota (Illinois) Reporter*.

The mutes of Baltimore prefer the 31st of August for holding the convention at Philadelphia.

Mr. C. J. Perego intends to start for California, to join Messrs. Taber & Co., as a photographer partner.

There are 55 pupils connected with the Mississippi Institution, and not 45 as printed in a previous issue.

C. W. Schlipf, a jolly shoemaker of Baltimore, makes \$12 a week, and sometimes more, at his trade. Stick to your trade, Charlie.

Mr. O. E. Kinsman and wife, of Providence, R. I., are now in Vermont visiting relatives, for two weeks. They are fond of maple sugar.

Mr. Robert D. Hazlett is in Jackson, Miss., on a visit to the Deaf and Dumb Institution. All are glad to see him. He is a clerk at Vicksburg, Miss.

Mr. Jesse K. T. Hoagland has moved to West Covington, on Forrest Hill, the place purchased by Edwin Forrest, the famous actor, to erect a home for Disabled Actors and Actresses.

Miss Mary McKay, of River Point, R. I., was a private teacher of a child of General Thomas, in Vicksburg, Miss. She left there on account of the climate, and is at home doing some light housework. She is a very intelligent semi-mute lady.

Miss Nellie Chapman is a lovely deaf-mute lady. She lives with Mrs. B. H. Alden as a housekeeper. She is a very excellent and faithful housekeeper. She is 23 years old. She will go to Appleton to live with her uncle and aunt this summer.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment of New York City, on April 16th, appropriated from the excise fund to various charitable institutions the sum of \$135,414. This sum was divided among hospitals, dispensaries and infirmaries, homes and asylums, and charitable societies and missions. The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes received \$450.

"Rumor" hath it that "Miss Mignon" contemplates a trip to St. Louis as soon as school closes at Indianapolis. But some one who appears to be pretty well informed, says she is yet undecided about her vacation. She may either go to St. Louis, to the Lakes, or stay at home, (Milton, Ind.) with her four big nephews, who can make things as jolly as the big four minstrels.

"Imogene" tells us she was most agreeably disappointed in B. D. Livingstone. To see her own words: "He is a bon ton misanthrope. Knows more etiquette and is better read than any mute you ever saw." Now boys don't you envy him! Better save your "segaw and brandy saw" money, so you can travel some and see the other half of the world live, and least of all polish up your manners.

Mr. William A. Jackson, accompanied by two young hearing ladies, surprised his college chum, J. F. Donnelly in Woonsocket, R. I., April 7th. Then Messrs. Jackson and Donnelly called on Erwin Aldrich, who kindly took them in a wagon to Mr. Charles W. Mowry's, where they had a splendid time. They took supper at Mrs. Follette's house, and she was in the happiest mood. Mr. J. stopped at her house for the night.

Over 100 deaf-mutes attended the services in St. Ann's Church on Easter Sunday.

The bright little son of Mr. Frank Cately, of Cincinnati, O., is 10 months old, and weighs 35 pounds.

Mrs. F. M. Tuttle went and visited the gallery at Powers Block, Rochester on Saturday, April 16, 1881.

Between 25 or 30 deaf-mutes attended the services held in St. Francis Xavier's Church on Easter Sunday.

The Ohio friends await with abated anxieties what effect the coming "panic" will have on "L. Admirante," of Newburyport, Mass.

Mr. John Lewis, of Philadelphia, is one of the oldest deaf-mutes of that city. He talks in the sign-language fast and intelligently.

Miss Emma Styer, of Philadelphia, is a very pleasant and charming young lady. Her sister's husband's father was a first cousin of Mr. Eliza Howe, the celebrated sewing machine man.

Mr. John E. Pollock, of Frankfort, Phila., is very happy over the intention of his father to build a new mill and start in business for himself. We hope that success may attend the undertaking.

A recent letter from Mr. G. O. Fay tells us that he expects to move May 1st from his present residence to 22 Atwood street. His correspondents will please note, especially Mr. Atwood—Ohio Chronicle.

On Wednesday night last, the Rev. Job Turner was permitted by kind Providence to hold a service in the Methodist Church, Kew-Forest, N. Y. He used of which church the minister kindly tendered to him, there being no Episcopal one in the town. There were five deaf-mutes present.

The Rev. H. W. Syle is troubled with a "writer's cramp" in the right hand and arm, and is compelled, under medical advice, to cease writing almost entirely. He accordingly asks the kind indulgence of his friends and correspondents.

On Sunday afternoon, the 31st inst., among the strangers at St. Stephen Church for deaf-mutes were Messrs. W. Berg and Patrick W. Casey. Mr. Berg came from Germany, and Mr. Casey from Kentucky. The latter gentleman is a farmer, and is, we believe, at present in Woodbury, N. J.

Mr. James Russell, nee Mary Dora, Peabody, wrote a letter to Mrs. Ella S. Keller one month ago. She has never heard from Mrs. Keller about the letter. Will Mrs. Keller please write to Mrs. Russell's address—No. 419 East 117th St., New York City.

Mr. Washington Houston, of Frankfort, Phila., and Mr. Thomas Cunningham, of Phila., attended Forepaugh's Circus last Saturday in Philadelphia, and said it was wonderful and that they were greatly pleased.

Mrs. F. M. Tuttle has been to Rochester lately, where she has spent the week very pleasantly, and enjoyed visiting Mrs. Gurney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denton, and her friends, Mrs. Paris Clark and her daughters, who used to live on the Fifth Avenue, New York City, and moved to Rochester. Mrs. Tuttle did not have the opportunity of visiting the Rochester Institution.

FINE PORTRAITS.—Our home artist, Mr. F. M. Tuttle recently finished two portraits, one of Miss Alice Pratt, of Brooklyn, the other of an uncle at Albany. He has received very complimentary letters from members of the family, who declare the portraits to be real and life-like. Our friend, Mr. Tuttle, is in receipt of new orders nearly every week and his work will compare favorably with that of city artists.—Geneva Advertiser.

Mr. F. M. Tuttle has had on exhibition in Wilson's show window, two of the very finest productions of his skill with the brush. They are portraits of Mrs. Herman Fox and one of himself, so true in outline, coloring and general finish that the beholder seemed inclined to hold converse with them. We are glad to know his talents are being appreciated by his Geneva friends and that orders for similar work are growing more numerous.—Geneva Gazette.

Mr. Joseph J. Stevenson, a mute of Philadelphia, is a member of the Cleric Literary Association, employed at the cabinet-making shop by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. He is a very skillful and excellent cabinet-maker. He is a noble-looking and jolly man. He is six feet and three or four inches high and weighs over 200 pounds. His hair is blue and curly, and his teeth very beautiful and as white as snow. His reputation for veracity is excellent.

About the 1st of February, Mr. W. T. King, and his son, B. H. King (deaf-mute), and son-in-law, Gilbert H. King, formed a partnership in the insurance business, the firm name being W. King & Co. They represent an aggregate insurance capital of more than \$100,000, and have just accepted the agency of the substantial London Company, the Commercial Union, which has a capital of \$11,000,000. That is solid—and insurance that is insurance.—Ky. Republican.

The Philadelphia Progress says:—"We are glad to learn that Humphrey H. Moore, the artist, who, though deaf and dumb, possesses a vondrous eye for color and has proved himself a genius of brilliant merit, has had great financial success on the Pacific coast and now goes to Japan. He is said to be the first American artist who has sought in 'Far Cipango' new treasures for his brush. Mr. Moore has a beautiful foreign wife, who accompanies him everywhere, talks for him, using her graceful hands in her own foreign language, which he understands perfectly."

Mrs. Rosap, of Phila., mourns deeply over the death of her affectionate niece, who was married last April, 1880. Her wedding was a grand affair, and many presents were given to the happy couple. Her father, by name of Mr. Perry (a member of Baldwin Locomotive Company, Pa.) also presented her with a handsome house in New York City, to which place they moved, and were leading, we believe, a very happy life, when death unfortunately overtook the young lady. Before she died, she requested her kind sister to take charge of her little baby, which was only four days old, while she herself was brought to Philadelphia, and was buried there. We sincerely regret this unfortunate occurrence, and hope that the lesson conveyed by it may not be forgotten, showing how uncertain is life, and the necessity of being prepared for the solemn change whenever it may come.

## Knocked Down and Run Over.

As a deaf and dumb lady was crossing East Broadway street at Mulberry about 9 o'clock Saturday evening, she was struck by a horse driven by John Collins, and knocked down. It was so dark that Mr. Collins could not see the lady, and he can not be blamed for the accident. The lady was picked up and taken into the store of R. O. Barnes, No. 9, Jervis block. No bones were broken, and the only injury she suffered was a deep wound behind the right ear. The lady, whose name is Miss Louise Woodward, was taken to her home, No. 45 Jefferson street in a carriage.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Courier.

Mr. Michael Corry, formerly of Baltimore, Md., had a narrow escape from being killed by the Mexican out-thrusts in Las Vegas, Colorado.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone went to Santa Fe, New Mexico, on the 18th inst., to begin for ten days with Governor Thomas P. Bryan on mining business.

It is said that George Davis, of Milton, Mass., has rented his farm of nineteen acres on the Brook Road for five years. He receives \$175 for the year ending May 1st, 1881.

Dr. Cox, who had been connected with the Indiana Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Indianapolis as Steward for several years, is doing very well in business in Denver, Colorado.

The Denver (Col.) Daily News says:—"R. D. Livingstone, of New York, a mute who by his energy amassed a fortune, is visiting Colorado and speculating in mines. He is a guest at the Grand Central."

A tall, slim Auburn-eyed deaf-mute stepped into the JOURNAL office last week and politely asked in signs if we could publish a poem on Beautiful Spring.—Our "devil" swept up his remains on an alphabet card.

Mr. Louis Huff, a very popular printer in Leadville, who has a beautiful and accomplished sister, Minnie, prepared to sail for Europe in May to take musical studies in Germany. Her friends wish her a safe journey. Au revoir to her.

Professor J. W. Shively, a deaf and dumb gentleman, who calls himself the "True Messiah," was in Denver, Col., selling a patent fountain pen, which possessed some merit. He could not use the finger and sign-language. He was supposed to belong to Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The well-known sportsmen Messrs. Heyman, Souweire, Waters and Jas. Russell, (ex-alderman) took a walk on 5th Avenue to the Central Park, to see the Obelisk and Museum of Art. They thought the obelisk was not a wonderful curiosity. The Museum will be closed till May 1st.

The Secretary of Stage Truth hastens as fast as his wheels will go, to inform the writer of Madame Ramon that Mrs. Atwood has not been sick at any time, nor been unkind of her dear sister Carrie, but her hands have been very full in flour, in order to keep together the soul and body of her little and big dependents. A little while, and then Miss P.—patience shall have her reward.

Your reporter dropped into the mute school at Turtle Creek Pa. Prof. McWhorter is suffering from a severe cold which he contracted last December. He took charge of the school the first of the year, succeeding Prof. Logan. Everything appeared to be in good condition. The number of pupils is 106. Their health is generally good, and they look happy and contented. They are from all parts of the State. Many applications for admission are refused for want of room. A larger building is imperatively necessary. There are six teachers, all of them competent and faithful. The Professor and his accomplished wife are devoted to their work, and give strict attention to the moral and intellectual necessities of the children under their charge. With all other well-wishers of institution, they look forward hopefully to the time when the new and larger building to be erected in Wilkesburg shall be completed and occupied.

## Hymen.

On Thursday afternoon last, Mr. James E. Doran, who has been clerk in the Post-Office in this city for four years past, was united in marriage to Miss Ella M. Bounell, daughter of Mrs. Helen E. Bounell, of Oswego. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride, No. 138 East Third street, Oswego, and was performed by Rev. Mr. Graffey, pastor of the East Baptist church, in the presence of a few guests. Mr. E. M. Miles, of Syracuse, was groomsmen, and Miss Emma Baker, of Oswego, was bridesmaid. The bride is one of the most accomplished and estimable young ladies of Oswego, and looked lovely in a costume of organic muslin trimmed with lace and flowers. Among those present from Syracuse were Mrs. Ella M. Holliday and Miss Laura Doran, sisters of the groom. The presents were numerous and handsome, many coming from New York, Brooklyn and friends in other distant cities. Both parties have very many friends in Syracuse and Oswego who will wish them a pleasant journey of love and prosperity through life. They took the evening train for Syracuse where they have taken up their residence at No. 1 Crawford place.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Courier.

## SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Miss Lydia Hatch struck by a Pan Handle Train.

The loud and continued whistling of a locomotive engine at near 6:30 on Saturday evening, attracted considerable attention, and drew forth several comments as to the cause, the most common remark being, "There's a cow on the track." To one person, and probably only one, that sound had a more serious meaning. To one anxious, ever watchful, loving and tender mother's heart the sound brought a feeling of unrest, and she said, "I wonder if that is for Lydia?"

Miss Hatch had gone to Mrs. Stetland's for milk, and on leaving was assured that the trains had all gone by, but the local freight, east at that instant half way or more from the bridge, Miss Hatch is almost wholly deaf, but, thinking the trains had all passed, did not look down the track as she stepped thereon and started for home. She had walked but a little way when the train was closely approaching her, but the engineer thought the lady was keeping the track as scores of persons do, on account of the better walking, and that she would pass a safe time. When distant possibly 100 yards, the engineer began sounding the whistle rapidly and loudly, and seeing that the lady kept straight on, he reversed the engine and made heroic efforts to stop the train, but without success. The supposition is that Miss Hatch was walking outside the rail on the weeds side, and the pilot struck her about the ankle, causing her to fall backward upon the pilot, where she was carried about forty feet and then she fell to the right, and clear of the train. Friends were upon the spot instantly to care for her, and Dr. Burke was called promptly. A careful examination resulted in finding of two ribs broken; one shoulder very severely bruised; a few nicks, but not deep or dangerous cuts about the head and face, and other very slight bruises. Viewed in any light, it may be set down as a fortunate accident, but it should not lose its reward as a warning to others to "look out for the engine."

The train was not going at a higher rate of speed than eight or ten miles per hour at the moment of striking. The engineer is one of the most careful on the road, and is wholly blameless, but the accident caused him to cry like a child.—New Castle (Indiana) Courier.

Fred J. Wheeler is now with his classmate William Ward, in New Mexico.

In publishing the list of officers of the "Social Union" in the JOURNAL of last week, Mr. M. Heyman, 2d Vice-President, was omitted.

Mr. James Cary, of Breckenridge, Col., is in Denver on a visit to his many friends. He expects to go to Leadville in a few days.

In printing the dates of the three coming exhibitions of the New York Institution in our last issue, a mistake was made in the dates. The first will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle on Thursday, May 12th. The second on Tuesday, May 17th, at the Institution. The third and last on the 22d of June.

The employer of C. H. Steere, had just failed in the sum of \$20,000, and all his property has been sold under the sheriff's hammer. This is the third time he has failed. He has left Mr. Steere in the lurch, having failed to redeem his promise to pay 25 cents on the dollar on \$1,700 which he owed the "silent gent" for four years labor.

A Colorado paper publishes the following:—"We were much amused last night to witness the genial first clerk of the Grand Central Hotel, Denver, Col., conversing with a mute friend from New York. The rapid and peculiar movements of the hand and fingers, the various and several attitudes, the wonderful facial expression, was a matter of great interest to the man who runs the office clear stand, which led him to inquire of us if these people were attempting to play Hamlet backward."

J. F. Donnelly writes us:—"About twelve years ago, President Garfield, while a member of the House of Representatives, asked Prof. John B. Hutchins, of the National Deaf-Mute College, to translate his French book into English, when he would speak on finances in the house. He was at that time editor of the *Silent World*, we believe, and had to decline it. Finally Prof. Melville Ballard, a teacher of the primary department, at Washington, willingly translated it. Garfield presented him with two costly books. Will 'Lester Montrose' give more light on it?"

A phrenologist, whose name we failed to learn, said "Mignon" the following compliment (2) while looking at her photograph—"Well developed intellect. Thoughtful and quiet, not much inclined to talk—but thinks much. Decides for herself, does as she thinks best, and not depend on the advice of others. Possesses considerable pride of character. Bears trouble without saying much about it. Has considerable self-esteem. Would make a true friend and one that could be trusted. Is affectionate and appreciates a kindness, and likes to be loved and petted. Possesses much firmness of character. Is of a practical turn of mind."

L. W. S., of Jackson, Miss., writes:—"The *Clarion* says that Mr. C. W. Carraway was married to Miss Carter, and then they started for Mexico City. All the mutes were surprised to hear it, but several of them did not believe it, and thought that it was an April fool joke. Is it true that Charles is married or not? Let us hear from him. I asked Charles's brother about the marriage in Jackson yesterday. His brother did not know of it."

Mr. Carraway is not married. He is still at the National College; and the report is a practical joke which has gained credence among so many that it needs to be refuted.—E. J.

CLEVELAND.—Visitation of St. Paul's St. James', and Trinity.—On Sunday last, Bishop Dooley visited these three of the older parishes of the city, conferring, at St. Paul's, twenty-four, at St. James', two, at Trinity, ten. Added to the one hundred and nine confirmed in the two weeks previous, this makes in all one hundred and forty-five confirmations in ten parishes of Cleveland and vicinity this Lent. Of the candidates at Trinity Church, two were deaf-mutes, presented by the Rev. A. W. Mann. The Bishop's sermon at St. Paul's in the morning, was a forcible but unimpassioned argument, appealing to certain prudential motives for the espousal of the Christian life. The afternoon sermon, at St. James', was of a practical character. Large congregations participated in the services at St. Paul's and Trinity, the latter church hardly affording accommodations for all who sought them.—Standard of the Cross.

Mrs. Minnie E. Weeks, wife of Geo. A. Weeks, of Manchester, N. H., died suddenly on the 11th of April, of Diabetes at the age of 25 years, 6 months and 26 days. The deceased was a daughter of Wentworth and Sarah M. Grant. She leaves 2 small children—a girl, aged 2 years and 4 months, and an infant boy, 6 months old. Mr. Grant is a deaf-mute, his wife is a hearing person as well as all their children. They have lost three children.

The following is an account taken from a Manchester, N. H., paper:—

"Funeral services over the remains of Mrs. Minnie E. Weeks were held yesterday afternoon from 90 Blodgett street, and performed by the Rev. L. Matven, a quartet comprising Adah Whitney, Ella Dodge, L. S. Whitney and Arthur W. Davis furnishing the music. The funeral tributes from friends were numerous and beautiful. Included among them was a basket and bouquets from the Merrimack street Free Baptist Sabbath school, and a combination star and crown, with a base bearing the word 'Rest,' from the fellow employees of Mr. Weeks at the hosiery mill. The funeral was in charge of John N. Bruce, and the pall-bearers were Messrs. E. F. Morse, B. H. Richardson, G. E. Philbrick and R. R. McGreger. Interment took place at the Valley cemetery."

Harry White has abundantly atoned for the slight reprehensibility of expression in his article on "Reading," which we took exception to recently, by contributing to the JOURNAL one of the most sensible, and best written papers we have ever read from any one on that subject. We fully agree with him that no matter what general provision the managers of an institution may make in the way of furnishing reading matter for pupils, the end will not be secured without careful and judicious personal work on the part of the teachers. We apprehend, however, that the great obstacle in the way is a lack of ability on the part of the pupil to readily comprehend the exact meaning conveyed by verbal language. It is to them a foreign language and their limited knowledge of it makes reading of even the simplest books a difficult task; so difficult that it is labor, rather than recreation to read. One will rarely, very rarely find an ordinary student reading a Latin, or German work, no matter how fine it may be, simply for pleasure. When one is obliged to stop and question whether he is getting exactly the intended sense of the words—to turn frequently to his dictionary, to be perhaps still more perplexed to select from the number of definitions there given the exact one intended by the author, the exercise ceases to be a pleasure, and becomes hard work to most of our pupils. We do not say this for the purpose of apologizing for the fault of which Harry White writes, but to give a reason why the work is so difficult, and if possible stir both teachers and pupils to greater zeal and effort in the direction of securing profitable reading among our pupils.

—Kansas Star.

## In Memory of Emma J. Hutcheson.

Once more the message of God has been among us, and has borne away one more loved one from our presence forever. Emma J. Hutcheson was born in Indiana Co., Pa., and while still a child was taken to Pittsburgh, where her parents wished to settle. Emma lost her hearing from spotted fever at the age of fifteen months, so when of suitable age she was sent to school for deaf-mutes in her native city, (Pittsburg) where she remained several years, and then came to the Pennsylvania Institution. At the time she entered our institution, she was thirteen years of age, a quiet, modest, unobtrusive, ladylike girl. Emma was fond of study, ambitious to improve, and obedient to her teachers. She rather shrank from society, preferring a few warm friends, than a large show of acquaintances. Her modest, quiet, ladylike manners won her many warm friends, and the respect of her teachers and the various officers of the Institution. In 1870, a great affliction was sent to her in the death of her first husband, her mother married a second time, and though her step-father was apparently very kind to her, he never succeeded in winning from Emma that love which she gave so freely to others.

In the spring of 1880, Emma was called to leave us, the serious illness of her dear mother making it necessary for her to devote herself to the care of the invalid. In May of the same year, her mother fell peacefully asleep, after a lingering illness of two long years. Previous to her death, the dying woman had expressed an earnest desire to participate in the Holy Communion, and Emma requested to join her dying parent in this holy service, that she too might openly testify her love for her Saviour. After the last sad rites had been performed, our loved one returned to us, feeling that she had no other home on earth. Her return was warmly welcomed by her affectionate classmates, who did all in their power to cheer and comfort the motherless, homeless girl so early bereft of her earthly parents, and cast homeless upon the wide, dangerous sea of life. But the heavenly Father did not ordain that she should long be made to bear the heavy cross His hand had placed upon her fair young shoulders. With sorrow and pain we saw it was evident she was slowly sinking into a decline, and as day by day she grew less and less fond of society and more retiring, we could do nothing but pray that her sufferings might be short. Sadly we watched her sinking slowly but surely, knowing that the decree of her death had gone forth, and when after only four days confinement to bed, we were told she was at rest, though we missed and mourn her early death, we could not but feel that it was well with her. We could not but rejoice that she had early been taken from this world so full of sorrow, sickness and pain, that she who had no father or mother nor home on earth was early taken to join her loved ones in the heavenly home above, where there is no more sorrow nor pain, and where Jesus leads them by the river of life. Much as we miss her, we would not recall her from these glorious scenes of happiness, but we would sooner strive to prepare for the messenger's coming, that we may meet her at the Golden Gate of heaven, when we too shall cross the dark valley and the shadow of death.

We know:—

If for her dear Saviour's sake,  
Her sins were all forgiven,  
Our closemate only fell asleep,  
To wake again in Heaven.

Emma has gone to join our loved teacher, who, but five short months ago, was called home to God. At the time of her death, Emma was 18 years of age, having been born in August, 1862.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,  
From which none ever awake to weep.

VIOL.

PHILA., April 14, 1881.

EMPIRE STATE DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

The next Re-union of the above named Association will be held in the city of Utica, on the last Wednesday of August next, and continue in session three days, one of which will be devoted to an excursion.

The elegant City Opera of Utica has been secured for the re-union, through the courtesy of Mr. J. J. Siegmán, a prominent mate of that city.

An oration will be delivered by Mr. J. H. Eldy, a teacher in the Rome Deaf-Mute Institution.

Notice of the excursion, reduced railway fares, hotel prices, etc., besides a programme of the re-union, will be given in the JOURNAL early in the season.

It appears that it is not generally known that any deaf-mute, whether lady or gentleman, of this country, no matter where they were educated, who pays the membership fee of one dollar, is entitled to participate in the proceedings of all meetings of the Association and vote for the officers. According to the Constitution, however, only resident deaf-mutes of the State of New York are allowed to become officers of the Association.

So far as we have heard, from the various quarters of this country, the present indications are that there will be a very large meeting of deaf-mutes in the city of Utica on the last day of August, 1881.

Let one and all come and enjoy a pleasant and profitable time.

H. C. RIDER, President.  
E. A. HODGSON, Secretary.

## FROM REV. A. W. MANN.

DEAR JOURNAL.—The following letter from my Bishop will explain itself. May I beg for it and the pastoral letter a place in your columns. The pastoral is beautiful and instructive; and I think it should have a wider reading than the Diocese to which it applies.

Sincerely Yours,  
A. W. MANN  
5 CHESTNUT STREET,  
CLEVELAND, O., April 14, 1881.



Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Easter Vacation.

CAMPING PARTIES.

The Sophomores in Camp at Great Falls—Jolly Times.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

With the camp fire blazing merrily before me, and the whirling rapids thundering along at a short distance, we prepare to give our weekly budget. For the nonce, the letter will not come directly from the College, as that sacred edifice is a good 18 miles to the south of us. Yet we trust it will not be void of interest on that account.

Upon the conclusion of recitations on Wednesday, the 13th inst., Easter vacation commenced, and the next morning parties of five and six left College for various camping grounds. Not being acquainted with the adventures of our fellow students in the other camps, we are forced to confine ourselves to relating what happened to us.

Leaving College at eight A.M. Friday, we set out for this place, jogging along at a pretty fair pace and fully appreciating the exhilarating exercise. Having sent our provisions, utensils and wraps by boat, we had nothing to impede our progress, the roads being in splendid condition and the sun shone brightly overhead. Upon reaching Georgetown, we quickened our pace and went on steadily till we came to Cabin John's Bridge, where we made a halt to inspect that magnificent structure. Having satisfied our curiosity, we resumed our march at the same rapid pace till we caught sight of a familiar object. This was the boat carrying our provisions, and having recognized it we kept up with it till within half a mile of our destination. The boat having stopped at one of the canal locks, we got on board and took a short rest. As the boat went on its way, we came across another party of students from Camp Gallaudet. It seems they had been out fishing, but meeting with no luck, they captured a crane, evidently determined to make that fowl do their fishing for them.

Upon reaching the canal terminus, we disembarked with our provisions and looked about for means of crossing the rapids, which separate the canal from the falls. The bridge which had formerly spanned the rapids had been swept away by the late freshet, and so we found ourselves in a pretty nice predicament. Nothing daunted, we hunted around and at last found a ferryman who agreed to carry us over in his "dug-out" at a small fee per head. Accepting the offer, we got on board and enjoyed the excitement of "shooting the rapids." Reaching the other side, a committee was sent out to select a camping ground, and this having been settled, we removed hither and it has proved a very agreeable camping place. We are surrounded on all sides by huge boulders, which are an effective barrier to any prying eyes or lurking wild beasts, if there are any. Having chosen our position the next thing was to prepare a meal, and this we did with right good will and enjoyed it too. We have reason to bless our excellent matron for the liberal supply of the "good things" she furnished our party.

Having dined, the next thing was to bring in wood for the night fire, and then we set about preparing our sleeping apartment. All this was soon satisfactorily completed. Next a "dead line" was marked out, and it is our determination that if any stray beast or fowl comes within it he will forfeit his life for his rashness. None have made their appearance yet, but we have hopes that some hen with her brood will give us a call. We won't object to receive them.

As night approached, we laid in an extra supply of wood and set up a roaring fire, which lit up the surroundings. After supper, the fun began. Being determined to while away the time pleasantly, Messrs. Griffin, Smith and Fox formed a singing class and gave us "Union" forever, "Old Cabin Home," "Yankee Doodle," "Coming thru' the Rye," and other patriotic airs. The music may not have been first class, but it was pretty good for debutants, and helped pass the time pleasantly. Having sung ourselves hoarse, the watches were set, and we "turned in." None have complained of want of sleep, and so it appears all had a good night's rest.

This morning we were all up early, and after washing up, got breakfast ready. We had just completed our repast, when upon looking behind us whom should we behold but our genial President, Dr. Gallaudet, accompanied by Prof. Draper. They had come up the previous evening and remained at an inn during the night. We were right glad to see them, and after exchanging greetings and conversing, the Dr. left for Washington. Before he went, however, the woods rang with a "Three Cheers and a Tiger for our President." The Dr. responded with a

bow, and "Three Cheers for the Class of '83." This incident was the most pleasing of our stay here thus far.

Our visitors have been gone barely fifteen minutes, and we are now preparing for a fishing expedition. At present, we are all well, and anticipate a regular jolly time. We remain till Monday, when we return to old Kendall, and will doubtless be greatly benefited by our excursion.

This letter must now go as the next mail (canal boat) leaves in a few minutes. LESTER MONTROSE. GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC. April 16, 1881.

"COLUMBUS"

PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO HARRY WHITE—WEDDING BELLS—THEY CHIME FOR "LORD ROSCOE"—INSTITUTION WHITE-THINGS.

Some weeks ago, Mr. Harry White had published in the JOURNAL an essay of his—*"Reading among Deaf-Mutes."* He lamented the lack of interest taken by them on this important subject, and claimed that the fault was partly due to their teachers, or those having general charge of their educational welfare. His conclusions in the article being that dime novels and such trash should form a basis, to awaken the pupil to a habit of reading when other things failed to accomplish the things desired. As all of the institutions came under Mr. White's criticism, we endeavored to show, as far as this school was concerned, that he was in error, and this we did mildly, hinting that it would have been better for him if he had fortified himself with facts in writing his article, than with mere imaginary indications.

By doing so, however, it seems we touched a tender spot of his, and he has seen fit to come back at us in last week's paper, in a manner that does not add dignity to a gentleman who claims to have passed through a collegiate course.

He accuses us of disagreeing with every body whose opinions differ with ours, but does not present an instance where we have, except in his case, and then one could not help disagreeing with him, for his views were so vague in some respects they wouldn't hold water—*vide* comments on his article in the deaf-mute press—and if he will take the trouble to look them over he will find that we were not the only one to take exceptions to his article. It would have been to his advantage if he had never allowed it to appear, for it has had the effect of holding him up to ridicule.

Another thing. We beg Mr. White to be careful lest he trespass on the Commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness." This seeking to make it appear that we think every body nasty who expresses an opinion he knows to be untrue. We believe we did say he was hasty in his article against religious discussion in National Conventions of deaf-mutes, but we were not alone who held that opinion. If we said before that Mr. White had not considered the subject of Reading among deaf-mutes sufficiently, we will now state that he knew nothing about it at all when he wrote it.

Mr. White's experience as a teacher, if he has any, is very short, not much more than four months, and that, too, in a small school yet in its infancy. His observations, too, are limited—confined, perhaps, to four or five institutions. Yet he assumes to know more as to the manner in which deaf-mutes should be taught than all the rest of the profession combined, not excepting such old workers in the cause as Drs. Peet, Gillett, MacIntire, Fay and others. But then, we must make some allowance for this rashness of his, as he is a young man. A little medicine now and then, the ingredients of which are modesty and experience, will prove effectual in curing his weakness.

The following will prove as a sequel to the marriage item we gave last week, *minus* the names: "Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Duncan request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter,

EFFIE, to L. D. WAITE, THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 14, 1881.

At 8:30 P.M.

The nuptial ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents—Chillicothe—in the presence of a large number of friends of the contracting parties.

At the appointed hour, the twain that was about to be made one, preceded by the parents of the bride, entered the room where the interesting event was about to be consummated. Having taken their position under an evergreen arch, from the centre of which was suspended a horseshoe, made up of white and fragrant exotics, the minister stepped up and pronounced the usual marriage ceremony. This over, the happy couple and the assembled guests sat down to an elegant supper, and when all had partaken of it, congratulations were extended to the couple whose bark had just been launched upon the ocean of wedded life.

The bride, a hearing and speaking lady, is the daughter of a prominent business man of Chillicothe, and is endowed with more than ordinary culture and intelligence.

The groom, Mr. Waite, is already so well known to most of the readers of the JOURNAL that he needs no further commendations from us.

The wedding presents are said, by those who saw them, to be very fine. Among them, a silver cake-basket, two lace sets, toilet covers, ivory

toilet-set, six silver knives, silver napkin-rings, silver *tele-a-tele* castor, silver sugar-bowl, six silver spoons, pair of vases, silver mantle vase toilet-sets, spoon-holder and bell, set of jewels, silver butter-dish and knife, tidies, sugar-spoon, a large, elegant illustrated Bible, crystal water-set, hand painted milk-pitcher, pickle-caster and fork, and a great many other things.

Mr. and Mrs. Waite are spending their honeymoon down in Southern Ohio, and are expected to arrive and make this city their future home, next Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Park were the only mutes from this city who attended the wedding.

Mr. Joshua K. Brown, of Guernsey Co., has been nominated and confirmed as State Supervisor of Public Printing and Binding for two years, *vice* Mr. W. A. Elliot, whose term expired on the 12th inst. It is not likely that Mr. Brown will make any changes regarding the foremanship of the bindery.

The mute friends of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Lynn, to the number of twenty-eight, including some five or six gentlemen from the First Academic Class, gave them a complete surprise Thursday evening, in the way of a party. A pleasant time was enjoyed all around, closing up with substantial refreshments.

Miss Mary Moore, a graduate of the Institution, and last year employed in the bindery, has been visiting old acquaintances here the past week. The pupils of the C floor had their sociable Tuesday evening, being the last round in the ladder of the present term. Games of various kinds kept all busy and in a good mood till nine o'clock, when refreshments were served, after which all retired.

The lecture of Dr. Randall on Jerusalem, last Sunday evening, proved highly interesting to those who were so fortunate as to witness it.

People have to go away from home to get the news. That is what we thought on reading the item in the JOURNAL of last week, concerning the organization of the Independent Base Ball club here. Nothing of the kind has been effected, much less talked of. From what information we can gather, we are led to believe that no club from here will start on a tour, as has been done for the past two years. There is no money in it, and besides base ball has ceased to be a matter of curiosity.

Easter flowers are quite abundant over on the girl's side of the grounds, and it fills the boys with envy to see their fair schoolmates come into school with bouquets.

Snow here April 12th.

COLUMBUS.

4-16-'81.

Mignon's Tid-bits.

"Again the silent wheels of time Their annual round have driven."

Have brought with them heat and cold, sunshine and rain, dewy nights and frosty morns—have hung the trees with green—have changed their garb to red and gold—have stripped them naked to the snowy blast; and, now—what fickle wheels are they! Elm and maple, oak and pine, and all the great family of the forest are donning their green attire, with as much joy as a maiden does her new Spring gown on Easter morn, hilariously waving their arms in the gentle breezes, each bowing to his neighbor, and all the land is smiling—

"The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning, The murmuring streamlets wind through the vale, The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning, And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green vale."

The little folk, big folk, young men and maidens, sires, dames and all mankind in general, over there, yonder, every where, and every place, seem to be humming or transposing—

"Oh! to be home again, home again, home again, Under the apple bows down by the mill; Father is calling me, mother is calling me, Calling me, calling me, calling me still."

Oh! how I long to be wandering, wandering Through the green meadows and over the hill; Brothers are calling me, sisters are calling me, Calling me, calling me, calling me still."

Oh! once more to be home again, home again: Dark grows my sight, and the evening is chill; Do you not hear how the voices are calling me? Calling me, calling me, calling me still."

The "boy preacher," Rev. Thomas Harrison, is holding a series of revival meetings at the Roberts' Park Methodist Church. Hundreds flock to hear him from far and near, and hundreds are compelled to return home, being unable to gain admission. Men and women of all temperaments and nationalities are confounded at the mysterious something, which is rocking Indianapolis on the great question of their soul's salvation. A large portion do not regard him as magnetic, but they can't help but see and admire his earnestness, great faith and inspirational powers. An eminent divine thus interpreted the young evangelist's method and peculiar line of action, to a *Sentinel* scribe. "Church goes more or less turn their thoughts to business or home affairs or other material matters, aside from the songs, prayers or sermons of the hour, unless some particular feature attracts their attention. Harrison is shrewd, and is cognizant of the necessity of holding the attention of his hearers spell-bound. This he succeeds in doing, by telling pathetic and lively anecdotes, interspersing judicious wit—one moment a ripple of suppressed mirth, then the eyes suffused with tears, and so on. Again the part of his plan is to use language in his prayers, totally different from the ordinary method of ministers and the posture suited to all denominations,

now kneeling, then standing or leaning on the lectern. When talking, he moves rapidly all over the rostrum, down into the chancel upon the baptismal font, on the chancel rail, or up and down the aisles of the church, now and then singing one of his hymns. All this, I judge, is to draw towards him the closest attention, while he pours hot shot and enforces the obligation of repentance as the only guarantee of happiness here and hereafter. So much for that. *Is he eccentric, peculiar and nervous?* Let any person carry these thoughts to one of his meetings and witness the anxiety and stillness and see if it is not harmony in my conclusions. To my mind, he is a great revivalist, and no one can predict the magnitude of God's power in the city before the meetings close.

Prof. Latham's horse and carriage were stolen, Sunday evening, while the family were attending Church. Of course, they all had to walk home. Every effort is being made to capture the thief.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone made quite a pleasant call at the Institution last week. *Come again sometime and tell us more of your sight-seeing and incidents "happening round," during your travels.*

Mrs. Rev. D. A. Robertson and little son Louis, of Milton, Wayne Co., are expected in the city next week, to visit friends, "Sister Alfa" in particular.

A goodly number of young men and maidens "congregated," (by request), at the residence of Mr. S. J. Vail on McKim Avenue, the other evening and made the "welkin ring." The occasion being the anniversary of his forty-first birthday. Among the distinguished guests, we noticed Mr. Will. J. Johnson, a popular young beau, of Madison, a rising young lawyer, and a member of the Legislature, all in one.

School will likely close June 23d or 30th.

The Seniors are all busy as honey bees, Essays and Orations. Save us!!! Indiana will, doubtless "furnish" Kendall four new students this fall.

Robbie Vail sports an elegant "mess agate," present from "Grandma."

Miss Shroyer is quite busy studying the geometry of dress. *Broadened satin*; going to be awful nice, and is going to throw our bourette cloth and velvet trimmings, "90 degrees in the shade." *Ahem!*

Post SCRIPTS—Prof. Latham's horse and carriage have got home again.

Mrs. Alice Hanson arrived just in time to help celebrate the birthday anniversary.

The Legislature adjourns to-day (Thursday, the 14th), and we will have a rest for two years.

"Y. L." would be wise in you to come when the roses begin to bloom. It is black and white plaid, and awfully nice.

Miss Stella Coc's poetry is much admired by a certain somebody. Wish it were us.

Well, enough special postscripts. By bye till some other time.

"As usual," MIGNON.

Spring, '81.

Notes from the Hub.

On the occasion of Mr. David's sermon last Sunday, Mrs. Howe and Miss Houghton, of Worcester, came to our society rooms. They are staying with Mr. Holmes, at Cambridgeport. After the sermon, the Bible-Class, led as usual by the excellent Mrs. Lynde, was largely attended. The hall, which has been reduced in size by a partition running the whole length of the room, looked very pretty and cosy, with its handsomely shaded paper and the numerous pictures that adorned its walls.

The many friends of George W. Holmes will regret to learn that for some time past he has been suffering with a severe cold, at one time narrowly escaping from lung fever. This illness has kept him away from his work for a few days. At last accounts, however, he is better.

Frank C. Davis, B.S., one of our model gentlemen, whom to know is to respect, has been ill with a severe cold, with a threatened attack of pneumonia, from which he suffered last year. He has been incapacitated from work for five weeks. Ever since their marriage, after which they lived in the city, Mr. and Mrs. Davis have done much good to the society by elevating its tone and setting an example of correct manners and good taste, which could not fail to make it self felt.

Mr. Newhall, a young man of promise, whom every body, especially the ladies, likes, and with good reason, too, is up, but not entirely recovered, to judge from the despairing way in which he talks of his long-continued illness.

The best party yet given in the rooms of the Society, will be held either on the 27th of this month or the 4th of May next. It is going to be a unique, too; the ladies want to have their revenge. The funny thing about it is that the gentlemen will wear aprons, and the ladies will draw neckties by lot, hunt up the owners of them and dance with them. A high, good time is anticipated. The idea of the apron and necktie party of this kind, originated with the young ladies in pure fun, but it was caught up by the young men and proposed in earnest. The Committee of Arrangements consist of Mrs. Homer, Miss Flagg and Miss Rowes, names which almost ensure success.

Mr. David has succeeded Mr. Hargrave, lately resigned, as collector or agent of the Boston Society. He

brings plenty of experience into his position.

A deaf-mute by the name of William Reed, hailing from Canada, has been in Boston for some time collecting money in aid of the institution for deaf-mutes at St. John, N. B. He distributed printed sheets of poetry entitled, "An appeal for the Deaf-Mute," of which the following is a specimen. The sentiment is very beautiful, although I cannot say so much about the rhyme, not being gifted with the power of appreciating the harmony of sweet sounds. Mr. A. H. Abell, the Principal, is the author of it.

AN APPEAL FOR THE DEAF.

DEAF! Not a murmur or a loving word Can ever reach his ear. The raging sea, The pealing thunder, and the cannon's roar To him are silent—silent as the grave. Not quite so far, ever, when God takes away He gives in other shape. The tramp of feet, The crash of falling things, the waves of sound Strike on a deaf man's feelings with a force To us unknown. Vibrations of the air Play through his frame, on sympathetic nerves Like fine-string instruments of varied tone.

Dumb! Not a murmur or a loving word Can ever pass his lip. The cry of rage, The voice of friendship, and the vows of love Freeze on his tongue, so impotent of sound.

But deem not that intelligence is null In that doomed mortal. Gaze upon his eye—A heaven of thought, that speaks to his ear. Even by observing, and that gathers more From flickering lights and shadows of a face Than duller minds can gain from spoken words. The story of the Present or the Past, Can smitten at and—easier to his aid, Can cause the faculties of sight and touch To act imperfectly for speech and ear.

The deaf-mute seems by Nature formed to be A delicate artist, and skilled In subtle operations of the hand; He can be taught to read, and thus to learn The story of the Present or the Past, Or by quick signs to share his inmost thoughts (Chiefly for the one whom he yearns most, His fellow sufferer). Nay, it sometimes happens That men, like Kille, rest of senseless trials, Have, by their love, electrified the world, And won the crown of literary fame.

Spare not your gifts, ye wealthy of the land, To these afflicted brethren. Ye to whom Heaven grants that sweetest of all blessings, health,

And the keen joys of each corporeal sense, Aid those to whom these blessings are denied, And shed some sunshine o'er their gloomy lives. Let us all read, as close as we can, The story of the Present or the Past, Who went about, forever doing good, Making the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear.

"The Keystone State Convention"

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Allow me space in your valuable and worthy paper for a few remarks as to the time when the proposed convention will take place in Philadelphia, as I have been noticing a number of communications that were published in your paper. I felt very much interested in them. I am in favor of holding the Convention on the 31st of August, and have no doubt that that date would be the most suitable time.

Lately, I met our esteemed and respected friend, John Carlin, and had a brief conversation with him concerning the Convention. Mr. C. said he would probably attend if they decided to convene.

I earnestly approve of the good suggestion by "Peace," in the JOURNAL of the 14th inst., as to inviting Mr. Carlin to address the Convention. Mr. C. is one of the oldest graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution, and I hope that he will be highly honored by the Convention. It would give me great pleasure to be present on the occasion, and I expect to if my life is spared.

There has been much dissatisfaction manifested in regard to the election of Mr. J. D. Zeigler to the Local Committee. I do hope harmony and good feeling has been restored, and that the time for holding the Convention will be settled as soon as possible. Yours truly, JOHN PLUMMER JAMES. NEW YORK, April 18, '81.

HUDSON RIVERSIDE LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

It is certain that the JOURNAL seldom receives letters from us. It is because it is not our duty to make public our secret talk but whatever we find to be of public interest, is at once noted by the Secretary and sent to the JOURNAL for publication.

During the past several weeks we have been attending to addresses by the President, which are intended to improve and become beneficial to the society, and we hope whatever has been said secretly by us has been watched by others, and that they will be able to find out what it is.

On Thursday, the 14th inst., a debate was held before the society, upon the subject, "Which is the most destructive element, fire or water?" Fire—Messrs. D. Sullivan and J. W. Nash. Water—Messrs. A. L. Thomas and E. H. Singer.

The debate was interesting. The debate closed, a vote was taken, and Fire proved to be the more destructive element by a majority of 3 to 1.

The readers of the JOURNAL may know once more that our society was organized a year ago, and at the present day it has no more than fourteen members, and shall in the future allow no more than twenty members.

The constitution and By-Laws are ready to be issued, and shall be distributed as soon as letters are received from the absent members.

We hope every one was pleased with our motto in the issue of the JOURNAL of a recent date, for it is truly kept by every member.

We are looking towards the 31st of June with sorrow, for it will bring sadness and shadow upon the hearts of friends and schoolmates, who will meet again at school no more, but must begin the life of labor in order to exist.

Remember us, whether known or unknown, we are forever brothers to the deaf-mute Union. COR. SEC'Y.

FROM "MR. WHY."

Reading and Religious Discussion.

REPLY TO "W. C. B."

Chips.

*Apropos* of the controversy raised by Mr. White's article on "Reading among Deaf-Mutes," there is a great deal of truth in what he says. His critics in every institution protest that they furnish books and papers by the bushel for pupils to read, but still, as Mr. White says, they do not read.

With deaf-mutes at school especially, reading at best is a task, not a pleasure. They indeed have a hard row to hoe, and it will not do to put all the blame on them. Let any of Mr. White's critics open a book full of technical words and phrases at every line of which they are obliged to stop, take up a dictionary and carefully hunt up the meaning of a word, the definition of which is often as difficult to understand as the word itself, requiring more research in a different direction. By the time they have found the meaning of the word they have forgotten its connection, have to go over what they have already read to find it, and then, perhaps, the very next word they stumble on will be a blank to them, requiring another pause and more fumbling of the dictionary, and by the end of an hour they will have hardly read more than a page or two. How long would they continue such work unless with some powerful stimulant to urge them on?

With deaf-mutes at school, the simplest books are often but a mass of technicalities, every other word requiring an explanation, and if the teacher does not personally stimulate and encourage the pupil constantly, he is very apt to throw down the book in disgust, and instead of acquiring a taste for reading, a deeply rooted distaste is implanted in him, and thus one acquired he very seldom loses it. Who can blame him? "Do not throw all the blame on the pupil."

It is not enough to throw down piles of books and papers before the pupil and then raise your eyes heavenward and say: "Behold! I have done my duty." It is not enough to hand a Bible to the heathen and say: "Be saved," and then turn away thinking you have done your duty. Your duty does not stop there. You must show him *how* to be saved. In like manner, you must not only say to the mute, "here are books and papers, read!" but you must stop and show him *how* to read. It is not every heathen to whom you explain the Bible that will be saved, neither will every mute become a reader; but a large proportion may become readers, and that is worth trying for. Mr. White evidently knows what he is talking about. Let him have full swing, no matter who he hits, he may wake some body up.

RELIGION AT CONVENTIONS.

Miss Fuller has again opened the question which I had hoped was shelved. She is very severe on what she calls the "expulsion party," but, at the risk of incurring her displeasure, I feel bound to enroll myself with that party. I once belonged to the other, or her party, but have been converted through her instrumentality.

She says truly, "it is not religion, but a very different spirit which makes the trouble or discord;" but after reading the article written by her which called out Rev. Mr. Potts, and her reply thereto, I asked myself: *If this is the way in which such an amiable, intelligent, well meaning and tender-hearted lady would handle this question in our Conventions, if she had an opportunity, what must we expect from less amiable, less tender-hearted, but fully as intelligent, men?* I shudder to think of the answer, and now believe that the less said about religion in our Conventions the better. A good many persons sat on pins while the discussion was going on at the Cincinnati Convention, and all true lovers of religion, peace and harmony, gave a sigh of relief when it was summarily closed.

Miss Fuller says: "When the unhalloved spirits are ordered back to the shades whence they emanated, religious discussion can be freely carried on." Ah! yes, but *when* will that good time come? Certainly not in our day and generation. Meanwhile, we can sufficiently honor God by bowing reverently and following in spirit His minister when he opens our meetings with prayer and asks His blessings upon our gathering and deliberations. Enough is enough. If some people, who profess to be more careful and circumspect than others, like to fool around gunpowder with fire in their hands, I have no objection, but let them do it by themselves where they can endanger the safety of no one else. For my part, I prefer to stand at a safe distance, and hereafter shall count myself as one of the "expulsion party."

"W. C. B.":

DEAR FRIEND:—Your kind letter received and contents noted. First, let me correct a little mistake. You say "nearly all of my letters to the JOURNAL have partaken of personal remarks." I have written *thirteen*

letters to the JOURNAL, of these only four have "partaken," etc. So much for accuracy, in which you seem to be deficient all the way through. Pardon the correction, please.

I was deeply affected at your solicitude for my feelings, which you say you are "loath to hurt." Do not give yourself any trouble on that score. You did not lacerate them worth a cent, although you kindly informed me that I have "lost my character as a gentleman," which would be sad if it was true; that I am "half-witted," "shallow-brained" and "ungentlemanly." Those are matters of opinion in which there are wide diversities, and do not affect me in the least. On finishing your letter, however, I shed bitter tears of disappointment, for, on reading such laudatory expressions, I confidently expected you to call me a "horse-thief," "pirate," and other endearing names before you concluded your classical epistle.

You also very considerably inform me that I am threatened with a "thrashing" and "the chastisement I deserve," whatever that is. Thanks, but do not be uneasy, for, thanks to Nature and judicious early training, though I dislike to say it, I flatter myself that, although I am "a man of peace," I am abundantly able to take care of myself under any and all such contingencies. I withhold my opinion of persons who make such threats, but I have noticed that where there is a great deal of bark, there is very little bite. Having unbosomed yourself, I hope you now feel better.

You say I have "made discourteous and insulting remarks of persons whom I know to be entitled to the highest respect." That is another matter of opinion, for a person whom you may respect I may not. However, I have carefully gone over all four of my "personal" letters, and can truly say that I can find nothing to be ashamed of or retimed, except in one solitary instance for which I have already apologized, not so much for what I said, but for the outrageous and uncalled for conduct on the part of some of your friends, which the remark unnecessarily occasioned.

I am at all times ready to retract and make amends for any wrong I may have inadvertently done, but as you deal only in "glittering generalities," I am in ignorance wherein you or others deem I have trespassed.

I have been wondering wherein I have rasped your tender cuticle, but as there is no such person as "W. C. B." on my long list of acquaintances, and you are dumb as an oyster as to that, I can not discover and make the proper amends as I yearn to do, but hoping this will soothe your troubled soul, and restore your wonted tranquility. I am

Yours affectionately, MR. WHY.

Those students, who presented a bouquet to Senator Hill, and had it published all over the country as from the democratic students of the Deaf-Mute College, made the biggest mistake of their lives, as they have doubtless found out by this time. It will probably be years before the officers of the college hear the last of it. Evidently those students are sadly lacking in the political sagacity one would expect from persons in their position.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone, while visiting in Boston, recently noticed two remarkable facts, one, the scarcity of policemen and detectives—and those that were about were busy looking in other directions than his; the other, the warrants which were said to have been long awaiting his appearance there, were not disturbed, probably out of respect to their age and the dust accumulated upon them.

MR. WHY.

Rev. Job Turner's Appointments.

The Rev. Job Turner, a deaf-mute minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold Divine Service for Deaf-Mutes and those interested in their welfare:

Memphis, Tenn.,	April	3d.
Oxford, Miss.,	"	10th.
Kosciusko, Miss.,	"	13th.
Jackson, Miss.,	"	15th.
Vicksburg, Miss.,	"	17th.
Baton Rouge, La.,	"	20th.
Livingston, Ala.,	"	24th.
Talladega, Ala.,	"	27th.
Cave Spring, Ga.,	"	29th.
Knoxville, Tenn.,	May	1st.
Chattanooga, Tenn.,	"	4th.
Danville, Ky.,	"	6th.
Lexington, Ky.,	"	8th.
Louisville, Ky.,	"	15th.
Hopkinsville, Ky.,	"	18th.
Nashville, Tenn.,	"	22d.
Jackson, Tenn.,	"	25th.
Maysville, Ky.,	June	5th.
Parkersburg, W. Va.,	"	8th.
Carksburg, W. Va.,	"	9th.
Wheeling, W. Va.,	"	12th.
Charlottesville, W. Va.,	"	15th.
Saunton, W. Va.,	"	16th.



## ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Rose Boner Stabbed by a Mute in an Allegheny Saloon.

HER ALLEGED LOVER FAINTS ON HEARING THE NEWS.

### A Serious Wound.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A tragic scene was enacted last evening in John Cole's Saloon, on Robinson Street, near the Exposition building, Allegheny, which almost resulted in a murder. In fact, the victim is not yet out of danger. The particulars as gathered by our reporter, are as follows: Samuel Taylor, a deaf and dumb young man, who has been hanging about the city a couple of weeks, visited the saloon yesterday morning and there met Rose Boner, a young woman who is said to have a questionable reputation. They went away together, returning in the afternoon. The balance of the day they spent in the barroom drinking. Taylor became very much intoxicated and was inclined to be quarrelsome. About 6:30 P.M., he took a pencil and paper and accused Miss Boner of stealing \$2 or \$3 from him. She denied it, and he became very demonstrative. The woman was standing with her elbow on the bar, and did not observe Taylor pulled out his pocket knife. He opened it and plunged it to the hilt into her bosom. With a scream of horror she threw up her arms and fell to the floor in a swoon. The blood streamed from the gash all over her month. A messenger was sent for the police and physicians, and both promptly responded. The mute did not attempt to escape, and was taken to the lockup by officer Selfridge. His victim was carried into a rear room where Drs. Leyda and Kerr probed the wound.

### A FRIEND FAINTS—NATURE OF THE WOUND.

In the meantime, a man, who is said to be Miss Boner's most intimate friend—her lover, some say—heard of the cutting and hastened to Cole's to learn if it were true. In the bar room he fainted, the shock evidently being too much for him. He was revived and allowed to see the wounded female. He could not be induced to leave the place, but lingered there nearly all night.

The wound inflicted on Miss Boner by the knife is on the left breast, is three inches long and quite deep. The knife entered the pleura but did not penetrate to the lungs. The lower part of the cut is only about an inch from the heart. Evidently the blade was plunged downwards rather than straight in. Dr. Leyda was with her until half past ten o'clock, and from that time on she suffered intensely from sharp pains. The doctors are yet unable to decide whether she will die. Death may ensue either from pleurisy or hemorrhage, but with careful nursing and quiet surroundings Dr. Leyda thinks she has chances of recovery.

The woman is about twenty-five years of age and quite pretty. She says she has been living at No. 258 Penn. Avenue, Pittsburgh.

LATER—The hearing of Samuel Taylor, the mute who cut Rosa Boner, will take place to-morrow morning. His victim is convalescing slowly.

### Letter from Rev. Job Turner.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON.—I have, this morning, seated myself to write you a few lines of interest about deaf-mutes, in the midst of my preparations to start for Little Rock, Ark.

Last Sunday afternoon, a combined sign and audible service was held at St. David's Church by this writer and the rector, the Rev. Mr. Lee, in the presence of the pupils and officers of the Inst., and a large number of speaking people. At the close of the service, a bright deaf and dumb boy, son of one of the most respected citizens, presented the silent minister with a pretty bouquet. To Col. Ford, Supt. of the Institution, belongs the success of the service. He prevailed upon the rector to let the pupils enjoy a sign service in his church, and the rector complied with his request.

Prof. Ferguson, formerly Principal and teacher of the West Virginia Institution, is now Principal of the Texas Institution. I have enjoyed his company very much. He was once an instructor in the Louisiana Institution, at Baton Rouge. Col. Ferguson is Superintendent of this Institution; that is, he is to the Institution what Dr. Porter is to the New York Institution.

Yesterday, I visited the Governor of this State and the Legislature, in company with Superintendent Ford. They are building a new capitol.

A deaf-mute, named M. M. Payne, Winsboro, Texas, has told me something about M. A. Hartwell, a graduate of the American Asylum. Some time after his graduation, he left his home in Connecticut for Selma, Alabama, where he worked a number of years as a cabinet-maker, in which occupation he is still engaged. Leaving Selma, he moved to Tyler, Wood Co., Texas, where he has been living about seven years. He is making money well. He has a deaf-mute wife and four speaking children.

Supt. Ford, Principal Ferguson

and myself called on the editor of the Austin Standard last Saturday night. The editor said that he had a deaf and dumb uncle, named Judson—, a graduate of the New York Institution. Mr. — was a shoemaker in Alabama at the time of this death.

Col. Ford has fought about sixty battles with Indians and Mexicans. He treats his pupils so kindly that some of them have spelt out, "He is the best man in the world." To Principal Ferguson belongs the success of the management of the educational department. Miss Lewis, a deaf-mute lady, one of the teachers, is quite an honor to the Texas Institution where she was educated, for she spells accurately.

I start, to-night, for Little Rock, which place I shall reach in one day and a half. I would write more but I am a little fatigued. Excuse brevity. Success to the JOURNAL.

Yours Sincerely,

JOE TURNER.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, March 29, 1881.

### Mr. Gulick Replies.

Some one shoots at me in the *Lantern* of the 4th inst. The author used to be my classmate at school. Whenever he had a chance he would stamp his feet and say, "Jersey deaf-mutes are very slow, muddled-minded and stupid persons." See, there comes the humming, and he pretends to be a friend to Jersey deaf-mutes. If he is afraid to mention his name I guess I will not point him out, but I know who he is. No Jersey deaf-mute need have any faith in that humbug outside of our State. He has no interest in our welfare any more than to make a fuss over a trifle, that does no harm whatever. He does not understand what lobbying a bill means, and has never had any experience with the actions of the New Jersey Legislature. He does not know what a great blunder they made over the bill in 1876.

The following appeared in the New Brunswick *Freelance*, in 1876.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I hasten to supply the "explanation" which you demand in reference to the circumstances attending the irregular filing of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum bill in the State Library. The bill passed the House of Assembly, with Senate amendments, on the last day of the session, some two or three hours before the final adjournment. As you are aware, when a House bill is amended in the Senate, it goes back to the House for concurrence. Under the House rules, the amendments are read three times, the yeas and nays on their adoption being called upon the third reading. If the amendments are agreed to, the bill goes to the Engrossing Clerk for re-engrossment, and is by him delivered to the Chairman of the Committee on Engrossed Bills, who reports it to the House. It then goes to the Speaker's Clerk, who compares the original and the re-engrossed bills in order to ascertain if the engrossment is correct. The Speaker's Clerk then stamps each individual folio of the bill, and delivers it to the Clerk of the House, who affixes his official stamp and certifies as to the origin of the act in that body. It is then ready for delivery to the Governor by the hands of the Committee on Passed Bills.

Now I never saw the Asylum bill after it passed out of my hands at the third reading of the amendments, until I found it in the State Library on the 28th ultimo. It must of course have gone to the Engrossing Clerk and been duly reported, but it never reached my hands in the channel established by the rules. All bills that came to me were duly certified and delivered to the Governor. Of course, I did not scrutinize the bill delivered to me as correct by the Speaker's Clerk, but I took it for granted that all passed bills had taken their proper course, and had gone to the Governor.

On Friday last, Senator Jarrard called at my office here and startled me by the statement that the bill had never reached the Governor; but had been found by Comptroller Runyon on the preceding day among the dead bills in the State Library! I proceeded to Trenton by the first train, and upon going to the Library found the fact to be as stated. What was to be done? The bill had regularly passed and was duly signed; how was it to reach the Governor? The natural course was to place it in the hands of the Chairman on Passed Bills and have him deliver it. But he lived thirty miles away and could not be reached except by a tedious carriage ride from Rocky Hill. It was on all accounts important to escape further delay. Therefore, after consulting Senator Jarrard, I carried the bill to the Executive Chamber. Neither the Governor nor his Private Secretary being present, I said to Mr. Fox, a clerk, that I had in my possession the Asylum bill which had by mistake been filed in the Library, and asked him if he would receive it. He said that he could not give a formal receipt, but if I chose to leave it he would deliver it to Mr. Hall, the Governor's Secretary. I hesitated, but finally—Senator Jarrard declaring that he did not regard the receipt as important, as the Governor knew the bill was in all respects a regularly passed and authenticated bill—I left it in Mr. Fox's possession. A few minutes afterward, I saw Mr. Hall on the street and told him what I have done. He made no objection of irregularity; had he done so, I should still have attempted to reach Mr. Voorhees during the following day. I knew that there were precedents for the delivery of bills to the Governor

by the Clerk of either House after the final adjournment, so felt safe in my action. I do not suppose the Governor would in this case have raised an objection had he not been looking for a pretext to avoid the approval of the bill.

As to the manner in which the bill reached the Library, only a brief statement is necessary. Some two hours after the adjournment, while I was engaged upon my Minutes, Mr. J. Herbert Potts, the Assistant Clerk and one of the most capable and accurate clerical officers I ever knew, gathered up the dead bills lying loosely in the safe and carried them into the Library as required by law. There were probably fifty or sixty bills in all. Occupying the space set apart for the "dead" and "lost" bills, they were neither counted nor examined. In some way the Asylum bill must have got among these bills, and was, innocently but unfortunately, deposited with them in the custody of the Librarian.

That I profoundly regret this mishap, I trust no man in New-Brunswick will doubt. The blunder was not mine, but as Clerk of the House I was and am responsible, and I do not seek to evade any just criticism in the matter. But I deny absolutely the truth of the statement that I was "instrumental in preventing the vetoed bill from obtaining the requisite number of votes to secure its passage," and that "having failed in defeating the new bill I quietly tucked the Deaf and Dumb Asylum bill away among the 'dead' acts of the session." I did not "lobby" to prevent the passage of the original bill over the veto; on the contrary, as your Senators, Potts and Magie, and Assemblymen, Howell, Griggs, Vail, Cross and others will attest, I did all I could for its passage. At the outset I did not regard the bill favorably, but after the veto was sent in, in conversations with the Senators named, I became convinced that I was in error as to the ability of the State to incur the proposed expense at this time; and the matter having, moreover, been given a partisan shape by the Governor, I unhesitatingly gave it my support; so of the bill which finally passed; every Republican in the House who knows anything at all on the subject, knows that my efforts were given in its favor.

When you reflect that this mishap is to me, a sworn officer of the House, a very serious matter, you will, I am sure, pardon an intrusion upon your columns which otherwise I could not ask. If I have left any point in doubt or obscurity, I shall gladly furnish any explanation which it may be in my power to give.

Very truly yours,

JOHN Y. FOSTER.

NEWARK, N. J., May, 3, 1876.

For the past six years, we have been patient and waited ever so long for the proposed Institution for deaf-mutes in our own State, and still the Legislature does not care a snap for it,—not more than they would to pass a bill for a place for tramps.

I will try to explain the matter as it has been for the past five or six years. In the year 1875, our stung little Governor, Joseph D. Badle, warned me in advance that if the Legislature passed a bill for an Institution for deaf-mutes to be located at New Brunswick, N. J., he would feel compelled to veto it, on account of the great expenditure on the Morristown Asylum for the Insane, but he would recommend that the late Soldiers' Childrens Home at Trenton be fitted up for the Deaf and Dumb. I then hit this was a wise plan, and had some agreeable conversations with him about it, but the great difficulty was to induce the Legislature to compromise. I did every thing I could to coax them to follow the Governor's suggestions, but without avail. They were determined to go where they could get their fingers into the pie, no matter what became of it. Dr. Newell, of New Brunswick, N. J., was anxious to sell his farm for the site, and lobbied the bill. The bill was passed, but never went to the Governor for his approval. It was thrown into the waste basket, and picked up and laid aside with other dead bills.

Next came George McClellan, of New York, as our Governor, not a native of our own State. He put me into more misery over it than any other Governor did. His suggestion that an Institution be started by private contribution from the people, put me in mind of following the begging system to raise the money. Now for George C. Ludlow, of New Brunswick, N. J. In a letter I have from him he says he dares not say whether he is in favor of an Institution for deaf-mutes or not until after he investigates the matter, so it remains to be seen what his opinions are. This winter, the Legislature introduced a bill for the appropriation of \$75,000 for an Institution for deaf-mutes. A poor deaf-mute calls on them and kindly persuades them to hurry up and pass the bill. One of the members asks, "Can't you lobby the bill, then we will stand still. The distinguished Editor of the *Lantern* agrees with them, and thinks they must be blessed, and not called mean or foolish. I will be thankful to receive some more hits.

Mr. Farley, please throw all the stones you can pick up at me. They will help me along all the more, and my sister and brother Jersey mates will like me all the better.

PETER B. GULICK.

STOCKTON, N. J., April 11, 1881.

Doctors invariably judge a man by his coat; or why should they request to see his tongue?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Rev. Job Turner and Col. Ford, Superintendent of the Texas Institution, calling on Mrs. Susanna Hannig, the Heroine of the Alamo.

Rev. Job Turner and Col. Ford, Superintendent of the Texas Deaf and Dumb Institution, called to see Mrs. Hannig at her residence, east of north from the Capital, Austin, March 29th.

The Reverend gentleman was anxious to meet Mrs. Hannig, on account of her being the sole survivor of the fall of the Alamo.

Mrs. Hannig's former name was Susanna Dickerson. Her husband, Dr. Dickerson, was killed in the Alamo, March 6th, 1836.

Mrs. Hannig saw Mr. Crockett about two hours before he fell. She was in her room, and saw little of the fight.

Joe, Col. Tarvis' colored servant, told Mrs. Hannig that when Bonnie learned the enemy had entered the works, he directed his arms to be brought to his sick-bed. When the Mexicans entered his room, he fired on them, and killed several before he was overpowered. She understood that the Mexicans stabbed him and mangled his body with knives. They also assaulted Joe, but his color seems to have saved him.

Mrs. Hannig thinks it probable that the account of the killing of Tarvis and Crockett, as given by the Mexican Sergeant, Francisco Becerra, is correct.

After the fall of the Alamo, Mrs. Hannig was taken to the Salado Creek, north of San Antonio, by the division of Gen. Adrian Wall. She was released, and started about 8.0 miles towards the American settlements, on horseback, with her daughter in her arms. Her horse became frightened; and she ascertained, that it was Joe hidden in the high grass. He had escaped. She made him travel ahead of her. Away across the prairie, they descried three men on a rise. Joe insisted they were Indians, and began to sing his "death song."

He was directed to keep the road, that escape was impossible, he they Mexicans or Indians. Joe went, half bent. After a while, Mrs. H. discovered that the horses had martingales on them. She told Joe that Indians had no martingales, and the Mexicans did not use them; and assured him the party were Americans. Joe became suddenly elated, and made for the horsemen at a brisk gallop. On reaching them, they found the celebrated Spy, Deaf Smith, and two companions.

They had come to learn the fate of the Alamo. They heard the sound of artillery up to the morning before. Its cessation had made them fear the worst.

At this point, Mr. Turner had to say adieu. He was booked for Little Rock on the evening train. He begged Mrs. Hannig's photograph, and was much pleased on receiving it. He proposes showing it in many parts of the United States.

Mrs. Hannig treated him and Col. Ford very kindly. She has a good recollection of what she saw and heard at the Thermopylae of Texas.

At the request of Mr. Turner, Col. Ford cheerfully made this statement for the JOURNAL. Mr. Turner could not hear with his ears what she said. The colored man, Joe, died in Austin, Texas, not long ago. Mrs. Hannig is now the sole survivor of the fall of the Alamo. She presented a pretty bouquet to Mr. Turner, and told him to see her again.

### CINCINNATI.

Mr. Eugene Wood and wife and daughter, of Greenfield, Indiana, spent a week here lately, visiting relatives. They spent all day two Sundays ago, with the wife of the writer, the latter being a classmate of Mrs. Wood, nee Miss Walker. The daughter, Minnie Wood, aged about 6 years, is a splendid girl; she can hear and speak, and can talk with signs as readily as a fifteen-year's person. Mr. Wood is doing a fine business as coal and lumber dealer, in Greenfield. He was a nephew of Ira Wood, who was once Superintendent of the Cincinnati Police force. Mr. Wood has a fine gold watch in his possession, will be to him by Mr. Ira Wood.

Captain Bob H. King, of Lexington, Ky., was in the city last week on business for his insurance office. He reported all mutes in the Blue Grass region as doing well.

Wm. Sutcliffe, of Toledo, Ohio, came to Cincinnati some time ago to find a job as a cigar-maker. He found nothing but mud, and got disgusted and returned home.

Two Sundays ago, I had the pleasure of shaking hands with Mr. Lewis Flenniken, Assistant Steward at the Columbus School, and Henry Barde, a pupil of the same school, in Cincinnati. Mr. Flenniken was here on business, and Barde was not "playing hooky," but had permission to visit his folks.

Robert D. Leg's room was entered by a thief at his "boarding house" in Ludlow, one night last week. While Bob was in the arms of Morpheus, his pockets were rifled to the amount of \$2 in cash, and a lot of linen collars, shirts, etc., carried away. Bob talks of buying one of Hall's burglar proof safes and placing all his money, linen collars, socks and all in it.

Cincinnati *Enquirer*, of April 5th: "PITY THE DUMB AND DEAF.—A man giving his name as Joe Vetter, who has been going about the city, begging and pretending to be deaf and dumb, gave himself dead away at Mount Adams yesterday by saying something in the presence of Officer

Gregon. He was promptly arrested and locked up in the Walnut Hills Station. Vetter carried a card on which was painted: 'Pity the poor young man who is deaf and dumb, and the only support of a large family.' Judge Wilson will no doubt pity Vetter to the extent of thirty days."

This impostor found pity in the shape of three months' board in the palace on the hill where they break big ones into little ones. April 12, 1881. MERCURY.

### The Manhattan Literary Association.

The following speech, was delivered by Theo. A. Froehlich, on retiring from the office of President, at the public installment of the new officers which took place on the 7th of April.

Members of the Manhattan Literary Association: GENTLEMEN:—The occasion of this evening's installment of new officers, prompts me, as the retiring president, to address a few words to the members of the Association.

At the time I joined the M. L. A., I was very deficient in the sign-language, and, of course, could not so well participate in the deliberations. As I became more familiar with that language, and was able to understand, and make myself understood, I became more and more interested in the affairs of the society. Soon my attention was drawn to a lack of unity among the members, and a want of congeniality between the Association and outsiders. The latter rarely honoring us with their presence.

The conviction impressed itself upon me that something was wrong, and indeed upon thorough search I found the cause, which to restore order must be eradicated. Some visiting outsiders becoming aware of my intention to create a better tone in our Association, declared their willingness to join as members, and cooperate with me in my efforts. Among them was our new president, Mr. Geo. Farley.

Our united efforts succeeded in banishing the spirit of contention and ill-feeling, and the society is now established on a firm and respectable basis, united within and respected outside. I had no aspiration for the chair, it being too responsible a position, but accepted it solely in the interests of the society, thinking, thereby, better to be able to raise it out of the mire into which it was rapidly sinking, and set it on a good foundation.

And let me now express my thanks to the committee and the members for their hearty support, especially to Mr. Geo. Farley, for his wise and conciliatory counsel.

The society now endeavors to make its influence felt among deaf-mutes, and to that end offers, from time to time, rare intellectual treats in the way of lectures and entertainments, which lead to the elevation of all, and to which all are cordially invited.

I sincerely hope that Mr. Farley will enjoy a peaceful administration, and that the members will give him the necessary support to carry out necessities for the good of the Association.

### Philadelphia Graduates.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you kindly give me some space in your popular paper for a few words to my fellow-graduates.

FELLOW-GRADUATES: I desire to call your attention to the consideration of the question as to the time for opening the proposed Convention to be held in Philadelphia, which is being discussed now. You will find on looking at the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of October 21st, 1880, that the *State Committee* has announced that the first convention of graduates shall be held "on the second Wednesday of September, 1881, and continue in session not less than three days." But, since this announcement, it has been generally suggested that that day should be changed to some day in the latter part of August.

And, moreover, you will see, in the JOURNAL of March 10, 1881, that the *State Committee* will settle the question definitely "during April, at the farthest." But, considering the matter as it now stands, I think it advisable and proper, before you make a preference as to when the proposed Convention should be held, to call your attention to the letters of Mr. Elwell, Secretary of the Philadelphia Local Committee, and Mr. Woodside, Chairman of the Pittsburgh sub-local Committee, which both appeared in the JOURNAL of March 10, 1881. The one says that the Committee named the 23d or 30th day of August as the day for the opening of the proposed Convention, and also states the reasons therefor. The other says it is desirable that some time between the 1st and 15th of September should be appointed. And also, I wish you to read Mr. Woodside's other letter, and "Defenders" one which appeared in the same paper of March 31st and April 7th, respectively. Their suggestions relative to the question are worthy of consideration.

Immediately after the appearance of the JOURNAL of the 5th of next month (some preferences as to the time for the opening of the proposed convention may be published in that number, and we, therefore, want to see them before we decide), I will call a meeting of the *State Committee* for the purpose of settling the question definitely and finally. This settlement will be published in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

Now, fellow-graduates, be sure to make your preferences at once, and

have them sent to either the JOURNAL for publication or Mr. S. G. Davidson, Secretary of the *State Committee*, with reasons for your preferences. It will be borne in mind that the fifth (5th) day of May—I mean the time when the JOURNAL of that day appears—will be the last day of discussion—as to the important question.

I hope that the decision of the *State Committee* will suit you—all of you who intend to be present at the proposed convention—in general.

R. M. ZEIGLER.

Chairman *State Committee*. KENDALL GREEN, D.C., April 15, '81.

### From the Sunny South.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Spring, gentle spring, has come with mild and balmy weather. Peach trees are in full bloom, and we look for an abundance of peaches next summer and fall. Strawberries and flowers are also in bloom. We will have plenty of delicious strawberries in May. Garden vegetables are coming up beautifully, and we hope to have an abundance of every thing for the palate, soon.

Rev. Job Turner paid our city a visit on the 3d of April, but he did not have a chance to give us any lectures, on account of some misunderstanding about the arrangements, and also on account of Confirmation and the administration of the Holy Sacrament. It was to be regretted, but things may be different on his next visit.

Mr. James W. McAlexander, the mute mail agent of Marshall Co., Miss., came to our city to witness Rev. Mr. Turner's lecture. Both, with the writer, visited the residence of Mrs. Cooper, a nice mute lady living here. She has a mute daughter at school in Knoxville.

Rev. Mr. Turner and Mr. McAlexander accompanied the writer to his home, two miles north of the city, where they took supper and looked over our large peach orchard and garden.

Early the next day, Rev. Mr. Turner proceeded to the place of his next appointment, in good health and spirits. He gave us some interesting information about the mute world, at the same time saying that many were wondering who the "Judge" is.

Jack Norris, the well known deaf-mute traveller, we learn, is now traveling in Europe, and intends going around to Asia, if we are not mistaken from what we learn from his mute sister here. He will be a romantic adventurer if he goes.

That queer fellow, "Mr. Why," is no other person than "We, U. S. & Co.," and "Clara E. S. Tyrrell." Oh! I wasn't he caught so cleverly on his visit to General Garfield at Mentor, O. His fine boots betrayed him, while personating Clara, like the boots of Jeff Davis did when he was captured at the collapse of the gigantic rebellion. "Mr. Why," please be more careful about your personalities.

"Rusticus," oh! naughty "Rusticus," what shall we do with you? Please listen to the following tale: Once upon a time, "Rusticus" sailed forth, a la Nautilus, upon a voyage of discovery, the object being to reveal the identity of three mysterious individuals. So he steered his course westward, towards the ever changing imitable prairies. After days of anxiety, he struck a snag near a famous column, and made the discovery of "Columbus"—not the great discoverer of America—but a more insignificant individual, who illuminates the columns of the JOURNAL with his wit, humor and narratives. Elated with his success, he sailed on westward to the centre of a strange country, called "Injenny." Where he discovered a grand cove, a la Grotto of Antiparos, where dwelt the beautiful nymph, "Mignon," busily devoting her noble efforts in teaching the young idea how to shoot. He was so struck with her graceful form, her intelligence and her beauty that he involuntarily fell upon his knees, with both hands folded upon his heaving breast, begging for the grace of a smile; but alas! she gave him a frown that nearly crazed him with despair. He departed, sadly thinking that

"Fancies are but streams Of vain pleasure, They who by their dreams True joy measure: Feasting, starve, laughing, weep, Playing, smart, whilst in sleep, Fools with shadows smiling: Wake and find Hope, like wind, Idle hopes beguiling. Thoughts fly away, time hath passed them, Wake now, awake! see and taste them."

In sorrow and sadness, he turned his course towards the South, the beautiful land of Dixie, and sailed down the great father of rivers, until he reached the most romantic country, called the Chickasaw Bluffs, where he discovered the gigantic "Judge," six feet high, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, sitting on the bench of his mock court as one "Mercury" was pleased to call it.

JUDGE DECORSEY.

### From Little Rhody.

Week after week, I have read your ever interesting JOURNAL, and every time I laid down the paper, I have felt strongly tempted to write you a few lines, but duties and want of self-confidence have restrained me from sending in my mite; but lately I resolved to "clear the fence with one bound and land in the little circle of characters," and hope you will kindly "hitch along" and make room for me.

I had the good fortune to be in Boston on the 27th of March (Sunday), and had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Carlin's sermon, which was very interesting. I also witnessed

Mrs. Lynde's Bible-class, which was conducted in a very exemplary manner. The notes seem to look upon Mrs. L. as their kind mother and counselor, and I was much pleased to meet all the mutes assembled there, and hope they will continue to attend regularly and try to do all the good they can for each other.

Sunday evening, I, in company with my lady friends, went to the colored peoples' church. I enjoyed it very much, never having attended the like before. It was very largely attended with gaily dressed colored people, and conducted by three colored preachers.

Tuesday following, I spent the afternoon with my dear old classmate, Mrs. Wheeler, who, in a lady-like manner, keeps house in a cosy little cottage in Cambridgeport, for Mr. Geo. A. Holmes, our ever genial hearted friend, and an old schoolmate of mine. Mrs. Wheeler and I have been firm friends for over 35 years. But we had not met before to have a good long chat for nearly 30 years, and I really had a nice time with her. We talked of "auld lang syne," and wondered where our classmates of 1850 were.

Wednesday, Mrs. Lynde, Mrs. Wheeler and a little son of Mr. Holmes' came and visited me at my friends, and of course we had a delightful time, each of us in turn making our hands fly like wind-mills in a strong breeze. The dear little boy was very bright, and amused me much with his cunning prattle. Mrs. Wheeler is really like a mother to him. In the evening, we went to the hall to hear Mr. Carlin's lecture. We were quite early, for the janitor, Mr. Evans, was just opening the door. I must not forget to mention an amusing incident that Mr. Evans related to us that happened to him at that time, over which we laughed heartily. Mr. E. had forgotten to bring some matches with him, so went to the next door and wrote to a lady asking for some matches, she brought a large box, opened it and revealed, much to his amazement, all sizes and colors of false moustaches. Mr. E., very embarrassed, showed her the word "matches" written on the paper and she saw her mistake, and immediately gave him some, greatly to his relief. Mr. Carlin gave us a pleasing discourse on "Beau Nash." Both his sermon and lecture refreshed me like the oasis to the weary traveler in the desert, because I seldom attend the sermons and lectures delivered by the mutes.

Thursday was a very disagreeable day, accompanied with snow and rain. Friday dawned smiling with sunshine, and while I was packing for home, Mrs. Homer, like a gay lark, appeared and coaxed me to spend the day with her and I gladly complied and had a splendid visit with her. She has many specimens of the fine arts, which I took great pleasure in looking at. She had several callers while I was there. Among whom were Miss Edna Howes and her mother, and we had a pleasant chat.

Mrs. Homer and I called on Bella Flagg, and we talked like school-girls, and had a gay time. I was not sorry I stayed over and accepted Mrs. Homer's invitation, for I was well paid. Mr. and Mrs. Homer are very agreeable and hospitable host and hostess, and they did their utmost to entertain me. Thus ended Friday with a glorious time, and with promises from the ladies to return my visit, I bade them adieu and came home the next day. On my arrival home, I found several letters awaiting my perusal. One of which was from my dear friend, Mrs. Kinsman, of Providence, stating that she and Mr. Kinsman were about starting for Vermont to be gone several days on a visit. Mrs. K. promises to visit me on her return, and I hope she will not forget to bring me some maple sugar.

Yours truly,

MRS. FOLLETTE.

April 6, '81.

Sunday may be a very solemn sort of a day, but there's a sadder day comes just before it.—*Steuenville Herald*.

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